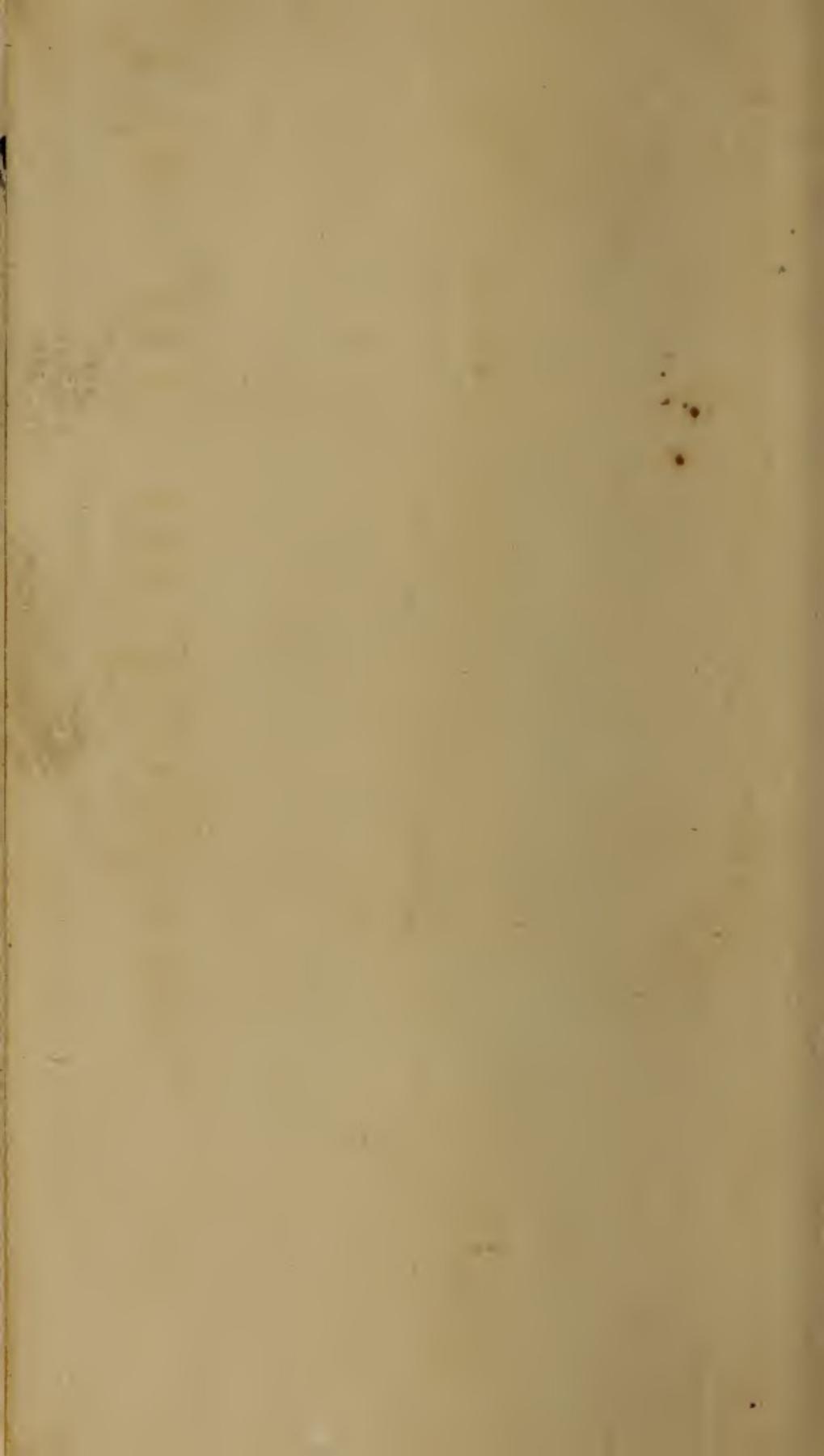


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Sir John Stainer.



Innes's Edition of the
SONGS OF SCOTLAND,
SELECTED
FROM THE WORKS OF HER EMINENT POETS;
INCLUDING THE
CELEBRATED JACOBITE SONGS
OF THE REBELLION OF
1745,

And other
Favorites,

Introduced
in the



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BY MR. WILSON;

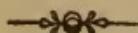
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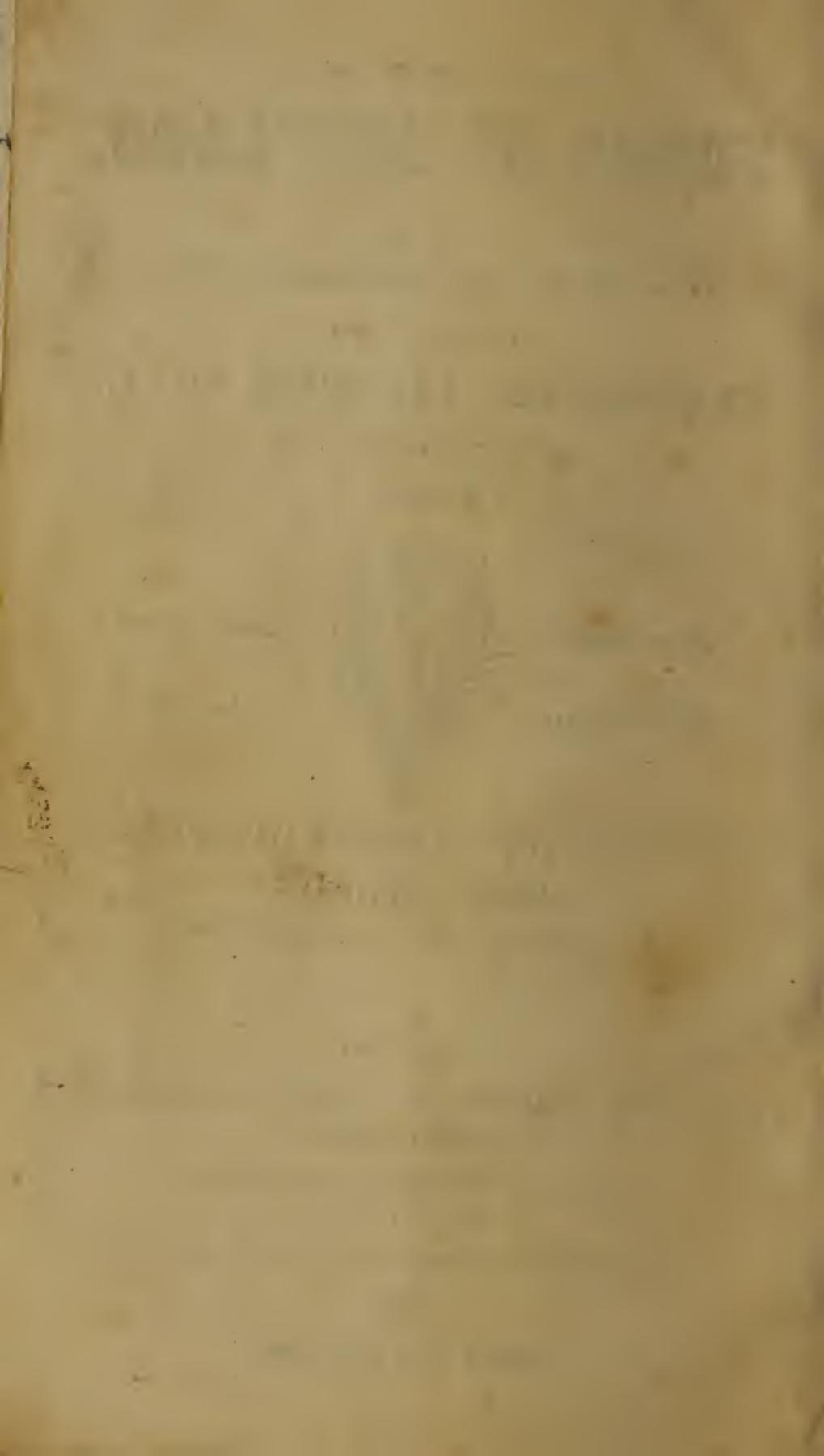
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Price One Shilling.



C O N T E N T S.

The Jacobite Songs are distinguished in the Contents by the letter (J).

	Page		Page
Here's a Health, Bonnie Scotland	3	I canna like Ye, gentle Sir	22
Bonnie Breast-Knots		Come under my Plaidie	
Mary Jamieson		Birks of Aberfeldy	23
Donald M'Donald	4	I'm owre Young to Marry yet	
Broom of Cowdenknows		Roslin Castle	
(J) Welcome, Royal Charlie	5	O stay, Sweet Warbling Woodlark!	
Helen of Kirkconnel		The Heath this Night	24
(J) Wha'll be King but Charlie ?		I lo'ed ne'er a Laddie but Ane	
My Love is like a Red, Red Rose		Kate of Aberdeen	
(J) Wha wadna fecht for Charlie ? . . .	6	Sandy and Jenny	25
I bae a Wife o' my ain		Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks	
(J) Come, boat me owre to Charlie		O'er the Muir, amang the Heather	
Annie Laurie		For Lack of Gold she's left Me . . .	26
(J) O, this is no my ain House		Logie o' Buchan	
Row weel, my Boatie	7	Yon Wandering Rill	
(J) Cam ye by Athole ?		Thou art game awa' frae Me, Mary	27
My Love she's but a Lassie yet		He's what They ca' a Bonny Lad	
(J) Loons, ye maun gae Hame		Woo'd and Married and a'	
Bonnie Wee Thing	8	Mary Morison	
(J) Charlie is my Darling		The White Cockade	
(J) Charlie cam to our Laird's Castle		Last May a Braw Wooer	
(J) Charlie he's cum frae France		Farewell to Lochaber	29
(J) Johnnie Cope (see also p. 71) . . .	9	John Anderson, my Jo	
Blythe, Blythe, and Merry was She		Saw Ye Johnny coming ?	30
(J) The Women are a' gane Wud		Donald	
My ain Fireside	10	Here awa', Wandering Willie	
(J) Allister M'Allister		Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane	
Will ye gang wi' Me, Lizzie Lindsay ?		The Highland Minstrel Boy . . .	31
Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut	11	Land o' the Leal	
(J) Wae's Me for Prince Charlie !		Husband, cease your Strife	
O, Poortith Cauld, and restless Love		Kenmure's on and awa', Willie	32
Wilt Thou be my Dearie ?	12	Thou hast left Me ever, Janie	
(J) There are twa bonny Maidens		The Golden-hair'd Laddie	
Jock o' Hazeldean		Bonnie Mary Hay	33
I'll gang nae mair to yon Town	13	Roy's Wife of Aldivaloch	
She lo'es Me best of a'		Highland Mary	
There's nae Luck about the House		Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled	
(J) Flora M'Donald's Lament	14	Daintie Davie	34
The Lass of Peatie's Mill		And Ye shall Walk in Silk Attire	
Saw Ye my wee Thing ?	15	My only Jo and Dearie, O !	
The Blue Bell of Scotland		O Nannie, wilt Thou gang wi' Me	35
Bannocks o' Barley Meal	16	My Heart's in the Highlands	
Of a' the Airts the Wind can blaw		Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes	
Tak yer Auld Cloak about ye	17	The Boatie rows	36
My Peggy is a Young Thing		Bonny Lass, will you lie in a Barrack	
Up in the Morning early	18	My Heart is sair	
Louden's bonny Woods and Braes		Reel o' Tullochgorum	37
The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman		The Highland Laddie	
My Boy Tammy	19	Corn-riggs are Bonny	38
Gin living Worth could win		Maggie Lauder	
Last Time I came o'er the Muir		Will Ye go to the Indies, my Mary ?	
The Laird o' Cockpen	20	Jockie and Jenny	39
Haud awa' frae Me, Donald		Now wat Ye wha I met Yestreen ?	
Lord Gregory	21	On wi' the Tartan	40
My Love is but a Lassie yet		Tweed Side	
Gloomyn Winter's now awa'		What will I do wi' Tam Gleu ?	

CONTENTS, (*continued.*)

	Page	Page	
Will ye Go to the Ewe-bughts?	41	(J) Charlie's last View of Scotland	55
There Grows a Bonnie Brier Bush		To Mary in Heaven	
Blue Bonnets over the Border		A Highland Lad my Love was born	56
Auld Lang Syne		My Jo Janet	
Yellow-hair'd Laddie	42	Welcome o' the Lily Flower	
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu!		My ain Kind Dearie, O!	
Jumpin' Johnny		Lord Ullin's Daughter	57
Donald Cooper	43	My Nannie, O!	
What Ails this Heart o' Mine?		The Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn	58
Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon		Wha'll buy Caller Herring?	
My Soldier Love		The Braw Lads o' Galla Water	
O Whistle, and I'll come to Ye	44	Widow, are Ye Wakim?	59
Saw Ye my Father?		(J) Highland Widow's Lament	
'Twas within a Mile of Edinboro' Town		Auld Rob Morris	
My Native Highland Home	45	The Maid that Tends the Goats	60
Macgregor's Gathering		The Mill, Mill O	
Go, Fetch to Me a Pint of Wine		Auld Robin Gray, with its continua-	
O This is no my Ain Lassie		tion, Jenny and Jamie	61
Afton Water	46	Thou'l be Aye my Dearie	62
John Tod		O, for Ane and Twenty, Tam!	
Loch Na Garr		Muirland Willie	63
John Anderson's gane	47	My Tocher's the Jewel	
Kelvin Grove		Dinna Forget!	64
The Campbells are coming	48	Touch not the Nettle	
Green grow the Rashes, O!		The Bush aboon Traquair	
She rose and let Me in		The Winter it is Past	65
Kind Robin lo'es Me		Queen Mary's Lament	
The Lass o' Gowrie	49	Tarry Woo'	
Logan Water		She's Fair and Fause	66
Kitty o' the Clyde		Loch Erroch Side	
O, dinna ask Me gin I Love Ye	50	Maggy o' Buccleuch	
Flowers of the Forest (modern)		Come, Gang awa' wi' Me	
The Braes aboon Bonaw		Bide ye Yet	67
We've a Bonny wee Flower		There was a Lass	
Waly, waly up yon Bank	51	Flowers o' the Forest (ancient)	
For a' That and a' That		Duncan Gray	68
Mary's Dream		Merry may the Keel Row	
My Highland Lassie, O!		The Lass o' Ballochinyle	
(J) Awa', Whigs, awa'!		Get up and Bar the Door	69
The Weary Pund o' Tow		The Posie	
O, Bothwell Bank	53	Gudeman, Ye're a Drunken Carle	70
(J) Eye, Buckle yer Belt		The Bonnets of Blue	
We're a' Noddin		Jeannie	71
Lewie Gordon		Farewell to Ayrshire	
(J) He's owre the Hills that I lo'e weel		Johnnie Cope (addition to p. 9)	
I am an Auld Sodger	54	The Birdies Whistling	
Guid Night, and Joy be wi' you A'		(J) The Chieftain's Lullaby	
Comin' through the Rye		Adventures of Prince Charles	72

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HERE'S A HEALTH, BONNIE SCOTLAND, TO THEE.

[Music—at Alexander Lee's.]

Come, fill me a goblet of sparkling wine,
And fill'd to the brim it must be;
'Tis the nectar they say of the godheads divine,
And I'll drink, dearest Scotland, to thee!
Long may thy name, at dear Liberty's shrine,
Be rank'd with the brave and the free;
And long may'st thou in bright glory's page shine,
Here's a health, bonnie Scotland, to thee!

Ah! can I forget thy glory of old,
When led by the Bruce to the field?
Against numberless foes thou didst bravely uphold,
And forc'd the proud Southrons to yield.
Oh, no, while I'm left, I will still drink the toast,
So dear to the brave and the free:
"The land of my birth," each true Scotchman's boast—
Here's a health, bonnie Scotland, to thee!

THE BONNIE BREAST-KNOTS.

[Music—at Lavenu & Co's.]

Hey the bonnie, ho the bonnie,
Hey the bonnie breast-knots;
Blythe and merry were they a',
When they put on the breast-knots.
There was a bridal in our toun,
And to't the lasses a' were boun',
Wi' monie facings on their goun,
And some o' them had breast-knots.
Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.

At nine o'clock the lads convene,
Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
Wi' shining buckles i' their sheen,
And flowers upon their waistcoats.

Out came the wives a' wi' applause,
And wish'd the lassie happy days,
And muckle thought they on her claes,
Especially the breast-knots.

Singing, hey the bonnie, &c

The bride she was baith young and fair;
Her neck outshone her pearlins rare;
A satin snood bound up her hair,
And flowers among her breast-knots.
The bridegroom gazed—but mair, I ween,
He prized the glance of love's blue een,
That made him proud o' his sweet Jean,
When she got on her breast-knots.

Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.

MARY JAMIESON.

[Music—at Paterson & Roy's.]

I have lov'd thee, Mary Jamieson,
As bridegroom loves his bride,
I look'd nae watch, I lo'ed nae star,
When ye were by my side.
For my heart was aye your mailen meet,
My love your ready fee,
Tho' loveless haine, and hameless heart
Are a' ye've left to me.

Ye promis'd me your constancy,
Ye plighted me your vow,
Wi' looks o' deeper tenderness
Than I can think o' now.
But snaw upon the surgy sea,
Or dew upon the flower,
Melts not so soon—fleets not so fast—
As fades love's little hour.

At the cuckoo's time o' coming,
Ye were wi' me at the well,
At the swallow's time o' flittin',
I stood lanely there mysel';
Ye hung round me a' the simmer,
When the bonny braes were green,
But broken vows you've left me now,
And stormy waves between.

DONALD M'DONALD.

My name it is Donald M'Donald,
I cum frae the Highlands sae grand;
I've follow'd our standard, and will do,
As lang as my maister has land.
While ranked ainang the blue bannets,
I've naething to fear ava;
I ken that my brithers around me
Will either conquer or fa'.
Brogues and brochen and a',
Brochen and brogues and a';
The callan is vera weel aff,
Wha has brogues and brochen and a'.

Short syne we were wonderfu' cantie,
Our friends and our countrie to see,
But sin' the proud Eastern's grown
vauntie,

We'll fecht him by land or by sea.
Wherever a clan is disloyal,
Wherever our Queen has a foe,
She'll quickly see Donald M'Donald,
Wi' his Highlandmen a' of a row!
Guns and pistols and a',
Pistols and guns and a',
She'll quickly, &c.

What tho' we befriended puir Charlie,
To tell it I dinna think shame;
Puir lad! he cam to us but barely,
And reckon'd our mountains his hame.
To be sure, our reason forbad us,
(But tenderness carried the day!)
Had Geordie cam friendless amang us,
Wi' him we had a' gane away!
Swords and bucklers and a',
Bucklers and swords and a',
Had Geordie, &c.

It's oh! I would eagerly press 'em
The keys o' the East to retain,
For should they gie up the possession,
We'll soon have to force them again.
Nor yield up an inch wi' dishonor,
Tho' it were my finishing blaw;
She aye may depend on M'Donald,
Wi' his knees, and elbows, and a'
Knees, and elbows and a',
Elbows, and knees and a',
She aye may depend, &c.

Had Boney attempted Fort William,
Auld Europe nae langer could grane,
For I laugh when I think we'd hae gall'd
him
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, and wi' stane!
Wi' the rocks o' the Nevis and Gary
We'd hae rattled him aff frae the shore,
Or lull'd him to sleep in a cairnie,
And sung him 'Lochaber no more!'
Stanes and bullets, and a',
Bullets and stanes, and a';

We'd hae finish'd the Corsican callan,
Wi' stanes and bullets, and a'!

The Gordon is guid in a burry,
The Campbell is steel to the bane,
The Grant, and M'Kenzie, and Murray,
And Cameron, will burkle to nane!
The Stuart is sturdie and wannell,
And sae is M'Leod and M'Kay;
And I, their guid brither, M'Donald,
Shall ne'er be the last in a fray!
Brogues and brochen and a',
Brochen and brogues and a';
Then aye for the bonnie blue bannet,
The kilt and the feather, and a'!
(Hogg.)

BROOM O' COWDENKNOWS.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

How blithe was I each morn to see
My swain come o'er the hill!
He leap'd the brook, and flew to me,
I met him wi' good will.

CHORUS.
O the broom, the bonnie broom,
The broom o' Cowdenknows;
I wish I were wi' my dear swain,
Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flocks near me lay;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.

He tuned his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by;
The fleecy sheep stood still and gazed,
Charm'd wi' his melody.

While thus we spent our time, by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envied not the fairest dame,
Though e'er sae rich and gay.

Hard fate! that I should banish'd be,
Gang heavily, and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.

He did oblige me every hour;
Could I but faithful be?
He staw my heart—could I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd o' me?

My doggie, and my little kit,
That held my wee soup whey,
My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
Mauu now lie useless by.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu!
Fareweel a' pleasures there;
Ye gods! restore me to my swain,
It's a' I crave or care.

WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE!

[Music—at D’Almaine & Mackinlay’s.]

O welcome, Charlie, owre the main,
The Highland hills are a’ your ain,
Thrice welcome to our isle again,

Our gallant royal Charlie!

Auld Scotia’s sons, ‘mang heather hills,
Can, fearless, face the warst o’ ills,
For kindred-fire ilk bosom fills,

At sight o’ royal Charlie.

Her ancient thistle wags her pow,
And proudly waves owre hill and
knowe,

To hear our pledge and sacred vow,
To live or die wi’ Charlie.

CHORUS.

O, but ye’ve been lang o’ coming,
Lang o’ coming, lang o’ coming;
O, but ye’ve been lang o’ coming,—

Welcome, royal Charlie!

We daurna brew a peck o’ maut,
But Geordie aye is finding faut;
We canna mak a pickle saut,
For want o’ royal Charlie.

Then up and quaff, alang wi’ me,
A bumper, crown’d wi’ three times
three,

To him that’s come to set us free;
Huzza for royal Charlie!

O, but ye’ve, &c.

Among the wilds o’ Caledon,
Breathes there a base degenerate son,
Who wadna to his standard run,

And rally round Prince Charlie?

Then let the flowing quech go round,
And boldly bid the pibroch sound,
Till every glen and rock resound

The name o’ royal Charlie!

O but ye’ve, &c.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.

[Music—at Monry & May’s.]

O that I were where Helen lies!

Night and day on me she cries;

O that I were where Helen lies,
In fair Kirkconnel lee!

O Helen fair, beyond compare,
A ringlet of thy flowing hair
I’ll wear it still for evermair,
Until the day I die!

I wish my grave was growing green,
A winding sheet put o’er my een,
And I for aye with Helen lying,
In fair Kirkconnel lee!

I wish I were, &c.

WHALL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

[Music—at D’Almaine & Mackinlay’s.]

The news frae Moidart cam’ yestreen,
Will soon gar mony ferlie;

That ships o’ war hae just come in,

And landed royal Charlie!

Come through the heather, around him
gather;

Ye’re a’ the welcomer early:
Around him cling wi’ a’ your kin;

For whall be king but Charlie?

Come through the heather, around him
gather,

Come Ronald, come Donald, come a’
thegether;

And crown your rightfu’, lawfu’ king,
For whall be king but Charlie?

The Highland clans, wi’ sword in han’,
Frae John o’ Groats to Airly,

Hae to a man declar’d to stand,

Or fa’, wi’ royal Charlie.

Come through, &c.

The Lowlands a’, baith great an’ sma’,

Wi’ mony a lord an’ laird, hae

Declar’d for Scotia’s king an’ law,

An’ spier ye wha but Charlie.

Come through, &c.

There’s ne’er a lass in a’ the land,

But vows baith late and early,

To man she’ll ne’er gie heart or hand,

Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.

Come through, &c.

Then here’s a health to Charlie’s cause,

And be’t complete, and early;

His very name my heart’s blood
warms:

To arms for royal Charlie!

Come through, &c.

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday’s.]

O, my love is like a red, red rose,
That’s newly sprung in June;

O, my love is like a melodie,

That’s sweetly play’d in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,

So deep in love am I;

And I will love thee still, my dear,

Till a’ the seas gang dry.

Till a’ the seas gang dry, my dear,

And rocks melt wi’ the sun;

And I will love thee still, my dear,

While the sands o’ life shall run.

Then fare-thee-weel, my only love;
And fare-thee-weel awhile;
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.
— (Burns.)

WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE?

Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?
Wha wadna draw the sword?
Wha wadna up and rally
At the royal Prince's word?
Think on Scotia's ancient heroes,
Think on foreign foes repell'd—
Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace,
Wha the proud usurpers quell'd.
Wha wadna fecht, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!
See Glengarry and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broadswords glanc-ing!
Highland hearts are true as steel.
Now our Prince has rais'd his banner,
Now triumphant is our cause:
Now the Scottish lion rallies,
Let us strike for Prince and laws!
O, wha wadna fecht, &c.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

I hae a wife o' my ain,
I'll partake wi' naebody;
I'll tak cuckold frae name,
I'll gie cuckold to naebody.

I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody;
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
I'll be slave to naebody;
I hae a guid braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody;
If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody. (Burns.)

BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]
Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
I'll gie John Ross anither bawbee,
To ferry me o'er to Charlie.

CHORUS.

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie,

Come weel, come woe, we'll gather
and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,
Though some there be abhor him;
But, O! to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him!

I swear by moon and stars sae bright,
And sun that glances early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd gie them a' for Charlie.

I ance had sons, but now hae nane;
I bred them, toiling sairly;
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie.

ANNIE LAURIE.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And its there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true,
Gied me her promise true—
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her ee,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds, in simmer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonny Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

O, THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

O this is no my ain house,
I ken by the biggin o't;
For bow-kail thrave at my door-check,
And thirstles on the riggin o't.
A carle came wi' lack o' grace,
Wi' unco gear and unco face,
And sin' he claim'd my daddie's place,
I downa bide the triggling o't.
O this is no, &c.

Wi' routh o' kin and routh o' reek,
My daddy's door it wadna steek;
But bread and cheese were his door-
cheek,
And girdle-cakes the rigging o't.
O, this is no, &c.

Then was it dink, or was it douce,
For ony cringin', foreign goose
To claunch my daddy's wee bit house,
And spoil the hamely triggan o't.
O, this is no, &c.

Say, was it foul, or was it fair,
To come a hunder mile and mair,
For to ding out my daddy's heir,
And dash him wi' the whiggin' o't?
O, this is no, &c.

ROW WEEL, MY BOATIE.

[Music—at Cramer, Addison & Beale's.]

Row weel, my boatie, row weel;
Row weel, my merry men a';
For there's dool and there's wae in
Glenflorich's bowers,
And there's grief in my father's ha'.
And the skiff it danc'd light on the
merry wee waves,
And it flew owre the water sae blue;
And the wind it blew light, and the
moon it shown bright,
But the boatie ne'er reach'd Allan-
duh!

Oh hon! for fair Ellen, oh hon!
Oh hon! for the pride of Strathcoe;
In the deep, deep sea, in the salt, salt
bree,
Lord Reoch, thy Ellen lies low!

BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE.

[Music—at Robertson's.]

Cam ye by Athole, lad wi' the phila-
beg,
Down by the Tummel, or banks of
the Garry?
Saw ye my lad, wi' his bonnet and
white cockaud,
Leaving his mountains to follow
Prince Charlie?
Charlie, Charlie! wha wadna follow
thee?
Lang hast thou lov'd and trusted us
fairly!
Charlie, Charlie! wha wadna follow
thee?
King of the Highland hearts, bonny
Prince Charlie!

I ha'e but ae son, my brave young
Donald!
But, if I had ten, they should follow
Glengarry:
Health to M'Donald and gallant Clan-
Ronald,
For they are the lads that wad die for
Prince Charlie!
Charlie, Charlie, &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi'
the Whigamore!
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi'
them rarely!
Ronald and Donald, drive on with the
braid claymore,
Over the necks of the foes of Prince
Charlie!
Charlie, Charlie, &c.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE
YET.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

My love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet;
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll na' be hauf sae saucy yet.
I rue the day I sought her, O,
I rue the day I sought her, O;
Wha gets her need na' say he's
woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her, O!

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
He could na' preach for thinking
o't.

LOONS, YE MAUN GAE
HAME.

It's here awa', there awa', how they did
rin,
When they saw the clans march, and
in earnest begin:
It's here awa', there awa', how they did
flee,
When they heard that Prince Charlie
was cum o'er the sea;
It's loons, ye maun gae hame!

They got to their feet just as sure as a
gun,
Whene'er they heard Charlie to Scot-
land was come:

"Haste, haste ye awa'," quo' the auld wives wi' glee,
 "O joy to the day Charlie cam o'er the sea,"
 An', loons, ye maun gae hame!
 Whigs, fare ye a' weel, ye may scamper awa',
 For haith, here nae langer ye'll whip and ye'll ca'!
 Nae mair look on Scotland wi' lichtlifu' ee,
 For Charlie at last he has cum o'er the sea,—
 An', loons, ye maun gae hame!
 Our lang Scottish miles they will tire ye richt sair,
 An' aiblins in mosses and bogs ye will lair;
 But rest and be thankfu' gin hame ye may see,
 I rede ye that Charlie has cum o'er the sea,—
 An', loons, ye maun gae hame!

BONNIE WEE THING.

[Music—at Coventry & Hollier's.]
 Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.
 Wishfully I look and languish,
 In that bonnie face o' thine;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na' mine.
 Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
 In ae constellation shine;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
 Bonnie wee thing, &c. (Burns.)

And a' the folks cam runnin' out
 To meet the Chevalier.

Wi' Highland bonnets on their heads,
 And claymores bright and clear,
 They cam to fecht for Scotland's right,
 And the young Chevalier.
 They've left their bonnie Highland hills,
 Their wives and bairnies dear,
 To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
 The young Chevalier

O! there were monie beating hearts,
 And monie hopes and fears;
 And mony were the prayers put up
 For the young Chevalier.

CHARLIE CAM TO OUR LAIRD'S CASTLE.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]
 Charlie cam to our laird's castle,
 An' loudly he did ca';
 An' Charlie sat in our laird's chair,
 Wi' bonnet on, an' a'.
 His plaid was bound wi' siller belt,
 An' to his knee cam down;
 He look'd like nane but Scotland's king,
 Sae worthy o' the crown!
 An' wi' him our brave laird maun gae;
 For him he's clenched his brand;
 An' be it weel or be it wae,
 The word is, "Fair Scotland!"

PRINCE CHARLIE HE'S CUM FRAE FRANCE.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]
 Prince Charlie he's cum frae France,
 In Scotland to proclaim his daddie,
 May Heaven still his cause advance,
 And shield him in his Highland plaidie.
 Oh, my bonny Highland laddie!
 My charming, handsome Highland laddie!
 May Heaven, &c.

First when he cam to view our land,
 The gracefu' look o' the Prince Laddie
 Made a' our true Scots' hearts to warm,
 And blythe to wear the tartan plaidie.
 O, the bonny, &c.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]
 O! Charlie is my darling,
 My darling, my darling;
 O! Charlie is my darling,
 The young Chevalier.
 'Twas on a Monday morning,
 Right early i' the year,
 When Charlie cam to our town,
 The young Chevalier.
 (Chorus)—Charlie is, &c.
 As he cam marching up the street,
 The pipes play'd loud and clear;

But when his foes were told the news,
How he was cum afore his daddie,
They thretty thousand pounds would
gie,
To catch him in his Highland plaidie.
O, the bonny, &c.

But tho' the Highland folks are puir,
Yet O! their hearts are leal and
steady;
And there's no ane amang them a',
That wad betray their Highland lad-
die!
O, the bonny, &c.

JOHNNIE COPE.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's]
Cope wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
“Come, fecht me, Charlie, an’ ye daur;
An’ I’ll learn ye the art o’ war,
If you’ll meet me i’ the mornin’.”

CHORUS.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin yet?
Or are ye’re drums a-beating yet?
If ye were waukin, I wad wait
To gang to the coals i’ the mornin’!

When Charlie look’d the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from:
“So heaven restore to me my ain,
I’ll meet ye, Cope, i’ the mornin’.”

It was upon an afternoon
Sir Johnnie march’d to Preston Town;
He says, “My lads, come lean you
down,
And we’ll fight the boys i’ the
mornin’.”

But when he saw the Highland lads,
Wi’ tartan trews and white cockauds,
Wi’ swords an’ guns, and rungs, and
gauds,
O Johnnie, he took wing i’ the
mornin’.

Sir Johnnie into Berwick rade,
Just as the devil had been his guide;
Gien him the world he wold na’ stay’d
To fecht the lads i’ the mornin’.

When Johnnie Cope to Berwick came,
They spier t’o him, “Where’s a’ your
men?”
“The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left ‘em a’ i’ the mornin’!”

“Now, Johnnie, troth ye are na blate,
To come wi’ the news o’ your ain
defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait
Sae early i’ the mornin’.”

“Oh! faith,” quo’ Johnnie, “I got my
flegs,
Wi’ their claymores, an’ dirks an’
philabegs:
If I face them again, de’il break my
legs—
So I wish you a vera gude mornin’.”

BLYTHE, BLYTHE, AND
MERRY WAS SHE.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

Blythe, blythe, an’ merry was she,
Blythe was she but an’ ben;
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
An’ blither in Glenturet glen.

By Ouchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o’ Yarrow ever saw.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a summer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Earn,
As light’s a bird upon a thorn.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lee;
The e’ning sun was ne’er sae sweet
As was the blink o’ Phemie’s ee.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I’ve wander’d
wide,
And o’er the Lowlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blythest lass
That ever trode the dewy green.
Blythe, blythe, &c. (Burns.)

THE WOMEN ARE A’ GANE
WUD.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

The women are a’ gane wud!
O, that he had bidden awa’!
He’s turn’d their heads, the lad,
An’ ruin will bring on us a’!

I aye was a peaceable man,
My wife she did doucely behave;
But now, do a’ that I can,
She’s just as wild as the lave!
(Chorus)—The women, &c.

My wife she wears the cockaud,
Tho’ she kens ‘tis the thing that I
hate;
There’s ane, too, preen’d on her maid!
An’ baith will tak their ain gate.

I've liv'd a' my days i' the strath,
Now Tories infest me at hame;
n' tho' I tak nae part at a',
Baith sides do gie me the blame!

The wild Highland lads they did pass,
The yetts wide open did flee;
They eat the vera house bare,
And spier't nae leave o' me!

But when the red coats gaed by,
D'y'e think they'd let 'em alone?
They aye the louder did cry,
"Prince Charlie will soon get his
ain!"

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

O, I hae seen great anes, and sat in
great ha's,
'Mang lords and 'mang ladies a' cover'd
wi' braws;
At feasts made for princes, wi' princes
I've been,
Whar the grand shine o' splendour has
dazzled my een:
But a sight sae delightful, I trow, I
ne'er spied,
As the bonnie blithe blink o' my ain
fireside!
My ain fireside! my ain fireside!
O, sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside!
Ance mair (Heav'n be praised!) round
my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the frien's o' my youth, I cordially
mingle;
Nae force now upon me, to seem wae
or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh
when I'm sad.
My ain fireside, &c.

Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to
fear,
But truth to delight me, and kindness to
cheer;
O' a' roads to pleasure that ever were
tried,
There's nae half sae sure as ane's
ain fireside!
My ain fireside, &c.

(Hamilton.)

ALLISTER M'ALLISTER.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]
O, Allister M'Allister,
Your chanter sets us a' asteer;
Then to your pipes and blow wi' birr,
We'll dance the Highland fling.

To Allister, wham ilk ane likes,
They thrang like bumbees frae their
bikes;
The lads and lasses loup the dykes,
And gather on the green.
O, Allister, &c.

The miller Rab was fidding fain
To dance the Highland fling his lane,
He lap and danced wi' might and
main,
The like was never seen.
O, Allister, &c.

As round about the ring he whuds,
He cracks his thumbs, and shaks his
duds;
The meal flew frae his tail in cluds,
And blinded a' their een.
O, Allister, &c.

Neist, rattlehanded smithy Jock,
A' blacken'd o'er wi' coom and smoke,
Wi' bleethrin bleer-eed Bess did yoke,
That harum-scarum quean.
O, Allister, &c.

He shook his doublets i' the wind,
His feet like hammers strak the grun',
The very moudieworts were stunn'd,
Nor ken'd what could it mean.
O, Allister, &c.

Now Allister has done his best,
And weary stumps are needin' rest,
Besides, with drouth they're sair dis-
tress'd
. Wi' dancing sae, I ween.
O, Allister, &c.

I trow the gauntress got a lift,
An' round the bickers flew like drift;
An' Allister that very nicht
Could scarcely stand his lane.
O, Allister, &c.

WILL YE GANG WI' ME, LIZZIE LINDSAY?

[Music—at Cramer, Addison & Beale's.]
"Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzie Lindsay?
Will ye gang to the Highlands wi'
me?
Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzie Lindsay,
My bride and my darling to be?"
"To gang to the Highlands wi' you,
sir,
I dinna ken how that may be;
For I ken nae the land that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'."

“ O Lizzie, lass, ye maun ken little,
If sae be ye dinna ken me;
For my name is Lord Ronald M’Donald,
A chieftain of high degree.”

She has kilted her coats o’ green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
An’ she’s aff wi’ Lord Ronald M’Donald,
His bride an’ his darling to be.

O, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

[Music—at Wybrow’s.]

O, Willie brew’d a peck o’ maut,
And Rob and Allan cam’ to prie;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang
night,

Ye wadna find in Christendie.
We are na’ fu’, we’re na’ that fu’,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may da’,
But ay we’ll taste the barley brie.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we’ve merry been,
And mony mair we hope to be.
We are na’ fu’, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That’s blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us bame,
But by my sooth she’ll wait a wee!
We are na’ fu’, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa’,
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa’,
He is the king amang us three.
We are na’ fu’, &c.

(Burns.)

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

Music—at D’Almaine & Mackinlay’s.]

A wee bird came to our ha’ door,
It warbled sweet and clearlie;
And aye the owrecome o’ its sang
Was, “ Wae’s me for Prince Char-
lie ! ”

Oh, when I heard the bonny, bonny
bird,

The tears came drapping rarely;
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo’ed Prince Charlie.

Quo’ I, “ My bird, my bonny, bonny
bird,
Is that a tale ye borrow ? ”

Or is’t some words ye’ve learn’d by
rote,

Or a lilt of dule and sorrow ? ”

“ Oh, na’, na’, na’, the wee bird sang,
I’ve flown sin’ morning early;
But sic a day o’ wind and rain !
Oh! wae’s me for Prince Charlie ! ”

“ On hills that are by right his ain,
He roams a lonely stranger;
On ilka hand he’s press’d by want,
On ilka side by danger.

Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart near bursted fairly;
For sadly changed indeed was he !
Oh! wae’s me for Prince Charlie !

“ Dark night came on, the tempest
howl’d

Out owre the hills and vallies ; ”

“ And whar’ was’t that your Prince lay
down,
Wha’s hame should be a palace ? ”
“ He row’d him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover’d him but sparely;
And slept beneath a bush o’ broom,—
Oh! wae’s me for Prince Charlie ! ”

But now the bird saw some red-coats,
And he shook his wings wi’ anger :

“ O, this is na’ a land for me,
I’ll tarry here nae langer ! ”
Awhile he hover’d on the wing,
Ere he departed fairly;

But weel I mind the farewell strain
Was, “ Wae’s me for Prince Char-
lie ! ”

O, POORTITH CAULD!

(Air—“ I had a horse.”)

O, poortith cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye !
Yet poortith a’ I could forgive,
An’ twere na’ for my Jeanie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life’s dearest bands untwining ?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune’s shining ?

This world’s wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a’ the lave o’t;
Fie ! fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o’t !

O why, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her owreword ay,
She talks o’ rank and fashion.

O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
 O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate !
He woos his simple deary ;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never mak them eerie !

O why, &c. (Burns.)

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

[Music—at D'Almaire & Mackinlay's.]

Wilt thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle
heart,
O wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
And that's the lo'e I bear thee,
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
And if thou winna be my ain,
O say na' thou'll refuse me!
If it mauna, canna be,
That thou for thine may choose me,
Then let me, Jeanie, quickly die,
Av trusting that thou lo'es me.

Flower of beauties, hear me !
And dinna treat me wi' disdain—
A' ither ills I fear na',
Gin thou wad only smile on him
Could part wi' life to please thee ;
Of joys on earth I'll ask nae mair,
Gin thou wilt be my dearie.

THERE ARE TWA BONNY MAIDENS.

[Music—at D'Almaïne & Mackinlay's.]

There are twa bonny maidens, and
three bonny maidens,
Come o'er the Minch, and come o'er
the main,
With the wind for their way, and the
corrie for their hame,
And they are dearly welcome to
Skye again.
Come along, come along, with your
boatie and your song,
You twa bonny maidens, and three
bonny maidens;
For the nicht it is dark, and the red
coat is gane,
And you are bravely welcome unto
Skye again.

There is Flora my honey, so dear and
so bonny,
And one that is tall, and comely
withal;
Put the one as my king, and the other
as my queen,
And they are dearly welcome to Skye
again.

Come along, &c.
Her arm it is strong, and her petticoat
is long,
My ain bonny maiden, my twa bonny
maidens;
But their bed shall be clean on the
heather sae green,
And they are dearly welcome to Skye
again.
Come along, &c.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

" Why weep ye by the tide, lady,
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride;
And ye shall be his bride, lady,
Sae comely to be seen;"
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

" Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek sae pale,
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ba',
His sword in battle keen :"
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hounds, nor manag'd hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our bridal queen;"
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the
bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and
ba',
The lady was not seen:
She's o'er the border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean!

I'LL GANG NAE MAIR TO YON TOWN.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

I'll gang nae mair to yon town,
 Betide me joy, betide me pain;
 I've tint my heart in yon town,
 And dare na gang the gate again.
 The sun shall cease to thowe the snaw,
 The corn to shoot wi' simmer rain,
 When I gang back to yon town,
 And see the gate my heart has gane.

Yestreen I went to yon town,
 Wi' heart in pleasure panting free,
 As stag won from the hunter's snare,
 Or birdie building on the tree;
 But ae half-hour tint all my peace,
 And lair'd my soul in dool and pain,
 And weary fa' the witchcraft wit
 That winna let it free again.

Had I but been by fortune's hand
 In the silk lap o' grandeur thrown,
 And she had trimmed the humblest
 home
 That ever rose in Caledon;
 I'd clad her in a starry robe,
 And clasp her to my bosom fain;
 And blest the happy hour I went
 To see the mirthsome town again.

She's fairer than a simmer morn,
 And purer than the spotless sky;
 Far is the journey to her heart
 She measures in her haughty eye.
 But she is sweeter than the rose
 New bathed amang the balmy rain;
 And I maun gang to yon town,
 And see the lovesome maid again.

SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

(Tune—“Onagh's Waterfall.”)

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'er-arching
 Twa laughing e'en o' bonny blue.
 Her smiling, sae wiling,
 Wad mak a wretch forget his wo;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto these rosy lips to grow!
 Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
 When first her bonnie face I saw;
 And aye, my Chloris' dearest charm—
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
 Her pretty ankle is a spy,
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad mak a saint forget the sky.

Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air;
 Ilk feature—auld Nature
 Declar'd that she could do nae mair!
 Her's are the willing chains o' love,
 By conq'ring beauty's sov'reign law;
 And aye, my Chloris' dearest charm—
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon;
 Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve and rising moon.
 Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his
 sang:
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows of truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a.'

(Burns.)

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

And are ye sure the news is true,
 And are ye sure he's weel?
 Is this a time to talk o' wark?
 Make haste, set by your wheel!
 Is this a time to talk o' wark,
 When Colin's at the door?
 Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay,
 And see him come ashore.
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a';
 There's little pleasure in the house,
 When our gudeman's awa.

Rise up, and mak a clean fire-side,
 Put on the meikle pot;
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday coat:
 And make their shoon as black as
 slaes,
 Their hose as white as snaw;
 It's a to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's bee a lang awa.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa fat hens upon the bauk,
 They've fed this month and mair;
 Mak haste, and throw their necks
 about,
 That Colin weel may fare:
 And spread the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw;
 Its a' for love o' my gudeman,
 For he's been long awa.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie my down my bigonets,
My bishop-satin gown,
For I maun tell the bailie's wife,
That Colin's come to town:
My Sunday's sboon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearly blue,
Its a' to please my ain gu'deman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true's his word, sae smooth's his speech,
His breath's like caller air,
His very foot has music in 't,
When he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirl'd a' thro' my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I bae him safe,
Till death we'll never part.
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

(W. J. Mickle.)

FLORA M'DONALD'S LAMENT.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Far over yon hills of the heather so green,
And down by the corry that sings to the sea,
The bonny young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.
She look'd at a boat with the breezes that swung
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main;
And aye, as it lessen'd, she sigh'd and she sung,
“ Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

Farewell to my hero, the gallant and young!
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

“ The moorcock that craws on the brow of Ben-Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan-Ronald,
Unawed and unbunted, his airy can claim.
The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore,
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;
But, oh; there is ane whase hard fate I deplore—

Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he!
The conflict is past, and our name is no more:

There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me!

“ The target is torn from the arms of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave;
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue;
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?
Farewell, my young hero, the gallant and good!

The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow!”

THE LASS OF PEATIE'S MILL.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

The lass of Peatie's mill,
So bonny, blithe, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
Hath stole my heart away.
When teding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her e'en.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
Her bosom in its dawn,

To age it would give youth
To press her lily haun'.
Through all my spirits ran
An ecstacy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were sae mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasures at my will—
I'd promise, and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Peatie's mill,
Should share the same wi' me.

(Ramsay.)

SAW YE MY WEE THING?

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

* Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
Saw ye my true-love down by yon lea?
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin,
Sought she the burnie where flowers the haw-tree?
Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,
Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;
Red, red her lip is, and sweeter than roses:
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?"

" I saw na' your wee thing, I saw na'
your ain thing,
Na' saw I your true-love down by yon lea;
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloamin,
Down by the burnie where flowers the haw-tree.
Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:
Sweet were the kisses that she gied to me."

" It was na' my wee thing, it was na'
mine ain thing,
It was na' my true-love ye met by the tree;
Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature,
She never lo'ed leman till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle Cary,
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee;
Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,
Young braggart, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee."

" It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle Cary,
It was then your true-love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gied to me."
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling e'e;
" Ye'se rue sair this morning, your boasting and scorning,
Defend, ye fause traitor, for loudly ye lie!"

" Awa wi' beguiling," then cried the youth, smiling,
Aff gaed the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling e'e!
" Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?
Is it my true-love here that I see?"
" O Jamie, forgie me, your heart's constant to me:
I'll never mair wander, my true-love, frae thee!" (M'Neil.)

THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

" O where, and O where, is your Highland laddie gone?"
" He's gone to fight the French for King George upon the throne;
And it's oh! in my heart, I wish him safe at home!"

“ O where, and O where, did your
Highland laddie dwell?”

“ He dwelt in merry Scotland, at the
sign of the Blue Bell;

And it's oh! in my heart, I love my
laddie well!”

“ In what clothes, in what clothes, is
your Highland laddie clad?”

“ His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his
waistcoat's of the plaid;

And it's oh! in my heart, I love my
bonnie lad!”

“ Suppose, and suppose, that your High-
land lad should die?”

“ The bagpipes should play over him,

and I'd sit down and cry;

But it's oh! in my heart, I wish he may
not die!”

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY MEAL.

[Music—at Lawson's.]

Argyle is my name, and you may think
it strange,

To live at a court and never to change;

All falsehood and flattery I do disdain,

In my secret thoughts no guile does
remain.

My king and my country's foes I have
fac'd,

In city or battle I ne'er was disgrac'd;

I've done what I could for my country's
weel,

Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley
meal.

Adieu to the courts of gay London
town,

For to my ain country I will gang down;

At the sight o' Kirkcaldy once again,

I'll cock up my bonnet and march
again.

O the muckle deil tak' a' your noise
and strife,

I'm fully resolv'd for a country life,

Where a' the braw lassies that kens me
weel,

Will feed me wi' bannocks o' barley
meal.

I'll buy a fine present to bring to my
dear,

A pair o' fine garters for Maggie to
wear,

And some pretty things else, I vow and
declare,

When she gangs wi' me to fam'd Pais-
ley fair,

And when we are married we'll keep
a braw cow,
My Maggie shall milk her, and I will
plow;
We'll live a' the winter on beef and
lang kail,
And wang at the bannocks o' barley
meal.

If my Maggie should chance to bring me
a son,
He's to fight for his king as his father
has done;

I'll send him to Flanders some breeding
to learn;

I'll aff into Scotland, and there keep a
farm;

And thus we'll live, and industrious be,
And wha'll be so great as my Maggie
and me?

We'll soon grow as fat as a Norway
seal,

Wi' feeding on bannocks o' barley
meal.

(Boswell.)

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Of a' the airts the wind can blow,
I dearly like the west,

For there the bonnie lassie lives,

The lassie I lo'e best:

There wild woods grow, and rivers row,

Wi' mony a hill between;

But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
Sae lovely, sweet, and fair;

I hear her voice in ilka bird,

Wi' music charm the air:

There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
By mountain, shaw, or green,

Not yet a bonny bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde,
The lasses husk them braw;

But when their best they hae put on,

My Jenny dings them a':

In hamely weeds, she far exceeds

The fairest o' the town;

Baith grave and gay confess it sae,

Tho' drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb that sucks the
dam,

Mair harmless cannot be;

She has nae faut, if sic we ca't,

Except her love for me.

The sparkling dew of clearest hue
Is like her shining e'en :
In shape and air, who can compare
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean ?

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw soft
Amang the leafy trees,
Wi' gentle breath frae muir and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees ;
And bring the lassie back to me
That's ay sae neat and clean :
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the knowes
Hae passed between us twa ;
How fain to meet, how wae to part,
That day she gaed awa !
The powers aboon can only ken,
(To whom the heart is seen)
That name can be sae dear to me,
As my sweet lovely Jean. (Burns.)

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

[Music—at Metzler's.]

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas wi' his blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill ;
Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae
strife,
She said to me right hastily,
"Get up, gudeman, save Crummy's
life,
And take your auld cloak about ye.

My Crummy is a useful cow,
And she is come of a guid kin' ;
Aft has she wet the bairnie's mou,
And I am laith that she should tine.
Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
The sun shines in the lift sae high ;
Sloth never made a gracious end—
Gae tak your auld cloak about ye."

" My cloak was ance a guid gray cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear ;
But now 'tis scarcely worth a groat,
For I have worn't it this threty year.
Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
We little ken the day we'll die ;
Then I'll be proud, sin' I hae sworn
To have a new cloak about me."

" In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but ha'f-a-crown ;
He said they were a groat o'er dear
And ca't the tailor thief and lown.

He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou a man of laigh degree ;
'Tis pride puts a' the country down—
Sae tak your auld cloak about ye."

" Every land has its ain laigh,
Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool ;
I think the world is a' run wiang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
How they are girded gallantly ?
While I sit burklen in the ase !—
I'll hae a new cloak about me."

" Gudeman, I wat 'tis threty years
Sin' we did ane anither ken ;
And we have had, between us twa,
Of lads and bonnie lasses, ten.
Now they are women grown and men ;
I wish and pray well may they be ;
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye."

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
But she wad guide me if she can ;
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman.
Nought's to be won at woman's han',
Unless ye gie her a' the plea ;
Then I'll leave off where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING.

(Tune—" Wauking o' the fauld.")

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens ;
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alone ;
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld ;
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blithe and bauld ;
And naething gies me sic delight
As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play ;
By a' the rest it is confess,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
With innocence, the wale o' sense,
At wauking o' the fauld. (Rainsay.)

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

[Music—at D’Almaine & Mackinlay’s.]

Cauld blaws the win’ frae north to south,
And drift is driving sairly ;
The sheep are couring in the heugh,
O sirs ! it’s winter fairly.
Now up in the morning’s na’ for me,
Up in the morning early ;
I’d rather gang supperless to my bed,
Than rise in the morning early.

Rude rairs the blast amang the woods,
The branches tirlin barely ;
Amang the chimney-taps it thuds,
And frost is nippin sairly.
Now up i’ the morning’s na’ for me,
Up in the morning early ;
To sit a’ the night I’d rather agree,
Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er the southlan' hill,
Like ony timorous carlie ;
Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,
And that we find severely.
Now up in the morning’s na’ for me,
Up in the morning early ;
When snaw blaws into the chimney cheek,
Wha'd rise in the morning early ?

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,
Poor things, they suffer sairly !
In cauldrie quarters a' the night,
A' day they feed but sparsely.
Now up in the morning’s na’ for me,
Up in the morning early :
No fate can be waur, in winter time,
Than rise in the morning early.

A cosey house, and canty wife,
Keeps ay a body cheerly ;
And pantry stowed wi’ meat and maut,
It answers unco rarely.
But up in the morning—na’, na’, na’,
Up in the morning early ;
The gowans maun glent on bank and
brae,
When I rise in the morning early. (Hamilton)

LOUDEN'S BONNY WOODS
AND BRAES.

[Music—at Wybrow’s.]

“ Louden’s bonny woods and braes,
I maun leave them a’, lassie ;
Wha can thole when Britain’s faes
Wad gie Britons law, lassie ?
Wha wad shun the field o’ danger ?
Wha frae fame wad live a stranger ?
Now, when Freedon bids avenge her,
Wha wad shun her ca’, lassie ?
Louden’s bonny banks and braes
Hae seen our happy bridal days ;
And gentle hope shall soothe thy waes,
When I’m far away, lassie.”

“ Hark ! the swelling bugle rings,
Yielding joy to thee, laddie ;
But the dolef’ bugle brings
Waefu’ thought to me, laddie !
Lanely I may climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the weary moments countin’,
Far frae love and thee, laddie !
O'er the gory fields o' war,
Where Vengeance drives her crimson
car,
Thou'l't may be fa', frae me afar,
And nane to close thy e'e, laddie !”

“ O resume thy wonted smile !
O suppress thy fear, lassie !
Glorious honour crowns the toil
That the sodger shares, lassie !
Heaven will shield thy faithfu' lover,
Till the 'vengeful strife be over ;
Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,
Till the day we die, lassie !
'Midst our bonny woods and braes,
We'll spend our peaceful happy days,
As blyth as yon lightsome lamb that
plays

On Louden's flowery lea, lassie.”
(Tannahill.)

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE
EXCISEMAN.

[Music—at D’Almaine & Mackinlay’s.]

The deil cam fiddling thro' the town,
And danc'd awa wi' the exciseman ;
And ilka wife cried, “ Auld Mahoun,
We wish you luck o' your prize,
man.

(Chorus)—“ We'll mak our maut, we'll
brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice,
man ;

And mony thanks to the muckle black
deil,
That danc'd awa wi' the exciseman!
There's threesome reels, and foursome
reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys,
man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to our
lan',
Was—"The Deil's awa wi' the Ex-
cisman." (Burns.)

MY BOY TAMMY.

[Music—at Lawson's.]

" Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy
Tammy?
Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy
Tammy?"
" I've been by burn and flowery brae,
Meadow green, and mountain grey,
Courting o' this young thing,
Just came frae her mammy."

" And whar gat ye that young thing,
My boy Tammy?"
" I gat her down in yonder how,
Smiling on a broomy know,
Herding ae with lamb and ewe
For her poor mammy."

" What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
My boy Tammy?"
" I praised her een, sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou;
I pree'd it aft, as ye may true!
She said, she'll tell her mammy.

" I held her to my beating heart,
My young, my smiling lammie!
" I hae a house, it cost me dear,
I've walth o' plenishen and gear;
Ye'se get it a' war't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammy."

The smile gaed aff her bonny face—
" I maun nae leave my mammy;
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me
claise,
She's been my comfort a' my days;
My father's death brought many waes!
I canna leave my mammy."

" We'll tak her hame and mak her
fain,
My ain kind-hearted lammie!
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,
We'll be her comfort a' her days."
The wee thing gie's her hand, and says,
" There! gang and ask my mammy."

" Has she been to kirk wi' thee,
My boy Tammy?
" She has been to kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her ee;
But O! she's but a young thing
Just come frae her mammy."

(M'Neil.)

THE WAEFU' HEART.

[Music—at Metzler's.]

" Gin living worth could win my heart,
You wadna speak in vain;
But in the darksome grave it's laid,
Never to rise again.
My waefu' heart lies low wi' his,
Whase heart was only mine;
And, what a heart was that to lose!
But I maun not repine.

" Yet, oh; gin heaven in mercy soon
Would grant the boon I crave,
And tak this life, now naething worth,
Sin' Jamie's in his grave.
And see! his gentle spirit comes
To shew me on my way;
Surprised, nae doubt, I still am here—
Sair wondering at my stay.

" I come, I come, my Jamie dear!
And oh! wi' what good will
I follow, wheresoe'er ye lead—
Ye canna lead to ill,"
She said; and soon a deadly pale
Her faded cheek possest;
Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,
Her sorrows sunk to rest!

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER
THE MUIR.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

The last time I came o'er the muir,
I left my love behind me;
Ye powers! what pain do I endure,
When saft ideas mind me!
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastely sporting,
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
E'en kings, when she was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
That could but ill deny me.

Should I be ca'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me;
Or cast upon some desert shore,
Where dangers may surround me:
Yet hope again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall mak my care at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love shall centre.

Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover;
On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
She shall a lover find me
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Though I left her behind me.
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.
(Ramsay.)

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and
he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o'
the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to
keep,
But favour wi' wooing was fashious to
seek.

Down by the Dyke-side a lady did
dwell',
At his table-head he thought she'd look
well;
M'Cleish's ae daughter, o' Clavers-ha'
Lee,
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, and as
guid as new,
His waistcoat was white, and his coat it
was blue;
He pat on a ring, a sword, and cock'd
hat,
And wha could refuse the laird wi' a'
that?

He took his grey mare and rade
cannily,
Till he rapp'd at the yett o' Clavers-ha'
Lee;

“Gae tell Mistress Jean to come
speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o'
Cockpen.”

Mistress Jean, wha was making the
elder-flower wine,
Says, “What brings the laird here at
sic a like time?”
She pat aff her apron, pat on a silk
gown,
A mutch wi' red ribbons, and cam awa
down.

Its when she cam down he bowed fu'
low,
And what was his errand he soon let
her know;
Amazed was the laird when the lady
said “Na,”
And wi' a laigh curtsy she turned awa.
Dumfounder'd was he, but nae sigh did
he gie;
He mounted his mare, and gaed hame
cannily;
And aften he thought, as he rade thro'
the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cock-
pen.

The laird then his exit scarcely had
made,
When the lady reflected on what she
had said:
“I might get ane waur, na, siblins ten;
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cock-
pen.”

She trysted the laird to come down to
the ha':
Quo' she, “I meant Yes, when I
answer'd you Na.”
Now at his table-head, like a white
tappet hen,
She sits, but nae chickens are yet at
Cockpen.

HAUD AWA FRAE ME, DONALD.

Haud awa, bide awa,
Haud awa frae me, Donald;
What care I for a' your wealth,
And a' that ye can gie, Donald?
I wadna leave my Lowland lad,
For a' your gowd and gear, Donald;
Sae tak your plaid, and o'er the hill,
And stay nae langer here, Donald.

My Jamie is a gallant youth,
I lo'e but him alone, Donald;
And in bonnie Scotland's isle,
Like him there is nane, Donald.

Haud awa, bide awa,
Haud awa frae me, Donald;
What care I for a' your wealth,
And a' that ye can gie, Donald?

He wears nae plaid or tartan hose,
Nor garters at his knee, Donald;
But, oh! he wears a faithfu' heart,
And love blinks in his ee, Donald.
Sae haud awa, bide awa,
Come nae mair at een, Donald;
I wadna break my Jamie's heart,
To be a Highland queen, Donald.

LORD GREGORY.

[Music—at Hawes's.]

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
An' loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door!
An exile frae her father's ba',
An' a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na' be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the
grove,
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love,
I lang, lang had denied?
How often didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for aye be mine!
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine!

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast;
Thou dart of heaven, that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see;
But spare, and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me!

(Burns.)

MY LOVE IS BUT A LASSIE
YET.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Sweet bud of beauty, hear me, Jean,
Or by my sighs guess what I mean:
Thou'st stown my heart wi' twa black
een,
Though thou art but a lassie yet.
Were mine the wealth o' Cumberland,
O' Westmoreland, Northumberland,
A monarch's ransom for thy hand
I'd gie, though thou art but a lassie
yet.

Loud crows the cock, and a' the morn,
I waking think on Jenny's scorn;
Sic pains, I cry, can ne'er be borne,
Though thou art but a lassie yet.
Were mine, &c.

O why did nature form thy face?
Why blest thee wi' a heavenly grace,
To steal the hearts in ilka place,
Though thou art but a lassie yet?
Were mine, &c.

But, Jenny, dinna look owre hie,
Lest beauty, that sic pain can gie,
Draw the saut tear frae thy bright ee,
Though thou art but a lassie yet.
Were mine, &c.

The bee salutes the opening rose—
Come, fairer than the flower that blows;
I'll love thee, Jean, till life's last close,
Though thou art but a lassie yet.
Were mine, &c.

Thy beauty sae my fancy warms,
I canna count thy matchless charms;
A heaven on earth maun be thy arms,
Though thou art but a lassie yet.
Were mine, &c.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW
AWA.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Gloomy winter's now awa,
Saft the western breezes blaw;
'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw,
The mavis sings fu' cheery, O.
Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie, O!
Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae;
Blythely spend the gowden day
'Midst joys that never weary, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
Siller saughs wi' downy buds,
Adorn the bank sae briery, O!
Round the silvan fairy nooks,
Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks;
'Neath the brae the birnie jopks,
And ilka thing is cheery, O!
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O!

(Tannahill.)

I CANNA LIKE YE, GENTLE
SIR.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

I canna like ye, gentle sir,
Although a laird ye be;
I like a bonny Scottish lad,
Wha brought me frae Dundee.
Haud away, hand away,
Wi' Jamie o'er the lea,
I gang'd along wi' free gude will,—
He's a' the world to me!

I'se gang'd wi' Jamie frae Dundee,
To cheer the lanesome way;
His cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' halth,
He's frolic as the May.

Haud away, &c.

The lav'rock mounts to hail the morn,
The lintwhite swells her throat;
But neither are sae sweet, sae clear,
As Jamie's tunesfu' note.

Haud away, &c.

(Mrs. Brooks.)

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

“Come under my plaidie, the night's
gaun to fa',
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift,
and the snaw;
Come under my plaidie, and sit down
beside me,
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe
me, for twa.
Come under my plaidie, and sit down
beside me,
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that
can blaw:
O! come under my plaidie, and sit
down beside me,
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe
me, for twa.”

“Gae awa' wi' your plaidie, auld
Donald, gae 'wa,
I fear nae the cauld blast, the drift, nor
the snaw;
Gae awa' wi' your plaidie, I'll no sit
beside ye;
He may be my gutcher!—auld Donald,
gae 'wa.
He's gaun to meet Johnnie, he's young
and he's bonnie,
He's been at Meg's bridal sae trig and
sae braw;
O nane dances sae lightly, sae gracefu',
sae tightly!
His cheek's like the new rose, his
brow's like the snaw!”

“Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to
the wa',
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has
naething ava;
The hale o' his pack he has now on his
back,
He's thretty, and I am but threescore
and twa.
Be frank now, and kindly; I'll busk
you ay finely;
To kirk or to market ther'll few gang
sae braw;
A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to
ride in,
And flunkies to tend ye as ast as ye
ca'.”

“My father's ay tauld me, my mither
and a',
Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep
me ay braw;
It's true I lo'e Johnnie, he's gude and
he's bonnie,
But, wae's me! ye ken he has naething
ava!
I hae little tocher; you've made a gude
offer;
I'm now mair than twenty—my time is
but sma'!
Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in
beside ye,—
I thought ye'd been aulder than three-
score and twa!”

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane
wa',
Whar Johnnie was list'ning, and heard
her tell a';
The day was appointed!—his proud
heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side as if burst-
ing in twa.
He wandered hame weary, the night it
was dreary,
And, thowless, he tint his gate deep
'mang the snaw;
The bowlet was screamin', while John-
nie cried, “Women
Wad marry Auld Nick if he'd keep
them ay braw!”

O the deil's in the lasses! they gang
now sae braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' four-
score and twa;
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and
a carriage,
Plain luve is the cauldest blast now
that can blaw!
Auld dotards be wary! tak tent wha ye
marry,
Young wives wi' their coaches they'll
whup and they'll ca';

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' wae could wauken!
Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!

(Burns.)

THE HEATH THIS NIGHT.

[Music—at D’Almaine & Mackinlay’s.]

The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head;
My lullaby the warders tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary.

To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid;
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not awaken me, Mary.

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow;
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.

No fond regret must Narmard know,
When bursts Clan Alpine on the foe;
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come, with feeling fraught,
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.

And, if return'd from conquer'd foes,
How blithely will the evening close;
How sweet the linnet sing repose
To my young bride, and me, Mary.

(Sir Walter Scott.)

I LO’ED NE’ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

[Music—at Coventry & Hollier’s.]

I lo’ed ne’er a laddie but ane,
He lo’ed ne’er a lassie but me;
He’s willing to make me his ain,
And his ain I am willing to be.
He has coft me a rocklaid o’ blue,
And a pair o’ mittens o’ green;
The price was a kiss o’ my mou’,
And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag we’ll o’ their gear,
Their land, and their lordlie degree;
I care na for ought but my dear,
For he’s ilka thing lordlie to me:

His words are sae sugar’d, sae sweet!
His sense drives ilk fear far awa;
I listen (poor fool!) and I greet;
Yet, how sweet are the tears as they fa’!

“ Dear lassie,” he cries, wi’ a jeer,
“ Ne’er heed what the auld anes will say;
Though we’ve little to brag o’, ne’er fear,
What’s gowd to the heart that is wae?
Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
Yet see how he’s dwining wi’ care;
Now we, though we’ve naithing but health,
Are canty and leil evermair.

“ O Marion! the heart that is true
Has something mair costly and gear;
Ilk e’en it has naething to rue,
Ilk morn it has naething to fear,
Ye wardlings! gae hoard up your store,
And tremble for fear ought ye tine!
Guard your treasures wi’ lock, bar, and door,
While here in my arms I lock mine!”

He ends wi’ a kiss and a smile,
Wae’s me, can I tak it amiss?
My laddie’s unpractis’d in guile,
He’s free ay to doat and to kiss!
Ye lasses, who lo’e to lament
Your woosers wi’ fause scorn an’ strife,
Play your pranks—I hae gi’en my consent,
And this night I am Jamie’s for life.

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

[Music—at Lawson’s.]

The silver moon’s enamour’d beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state, go, balmy sleep,
(‘Tis where you’ve seldom been.)
May’s vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis’d May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promis’d May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes;
 We'll rouse the nodding grove;
 The nested birds shall raise their
 throats,
 And hail the maid I love!
 And see, the matin lark mistakes—
 He quits the tafted green;
 Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks—
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!
 Now lightsome, o'er the level mead,
 Where midnight fairies rove,
 Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
 Or tune the reed to love;
 For see, the rosy May draws nigh!
 She claims a virgin queen;
 And hark! the happy shepherds cry,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!"
 (J. Cunningham.)

SANDY AND JENNY.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

"Come, come, my bonny lassie," cried Sandy, "Awa,
 While mither's a-spinning and father's
 afaa;
 The folk are at work and the bairns are
 at play,
 And we will be married, dear Jenny,
 to-day."

"Stay, stay, bonnie laddie," I answer'd
 with speed,
 I winna, I munna, go wi' you indeed;
 Besides, should I do so, what would
 the folks say?
 O we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-
 day!"

"List, list," cried he, "lassie, and
 mind what ye do,
 Baith Peggy and Patty I give up for
 you;
 Besides, a full twelvemonth we've
 trifled away,
 And one or the other I'll marry to-
 day."

"Fie, fie, bonny laddie," replied I
 again.
 "When Peggy you kiss'd t'other day
 on the plain;
 Besides, a new ribbon does Patty
 display,
 So we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-
 day!"

"Then, then, a good bye, bonny lassie,"
 says he,
 "For Peggy and Patty are waiting for
 me;

The kirk is hard by, and the bells call
 away,
 And Peggy or Patty I'll marry to-day."

"Stop, stop! bonnie laddie," says I
 with a smile,
 (For know I was joking, indeed, all the
 while)—

"Let Peggy go spin, and send Patty
 away,
 And we will be married, dear Sandy,
 to-day!"

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE
LOCKS.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie;
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
 Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,
 And a' is young and sweet like thee;
 O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
 And say thou'l be my dearie, O?
 Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
 We'll to the breathing-woodbine bower,
 At sultry noon, my dearie, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
 The weary shearer's hameward way;
 Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
 And talk o' love, my dearie O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
 Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.
 Lassie wi', &c. (Burns)

O'ER THE MUIR, AMANG THE
HEATHER.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Coming thro' the craigs o' Kyle,
 Amang the bonny blooming heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie
 Keeping a' her ewes thegither.
 O'er the muir, amang the heather,
 O'er the muir, amang the heather;
 There I met, &c.

Says I, "My dear, whare is thy hame?
 In muir or dale, pray tell me whe-
 ther?"

Says she, "I tent thae fleecy flocks
 That feed amang the blooming heather.

O'er the muir, amang the heather,
O'er the muir, amang the heather;"
Says she, "I tent, &c.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather;
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonny blooming heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
She left her flocks, &c.

While thus we lay she sang a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther;
And aye the burden of her sang
Was, O'er the muir, amang the heather.
O'er the muir, amang the heather,
O'er the muir, amang the heather;
And aye the burden, &c.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sin'
syne
I cou'd na' think on ony ither;
By sea and sky, she shall be mine,
The bonny lass amang the heather.
O'er the muir, amang the heather,
O'er the muir, amang the heather;
By sea and sky, &c. (Miss Glover.)

FOR LACK OF GOLD.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]
For lack of gold she's left me, O,
And of all that's dear bereft me, O;
She me forsook for a great duke,
And to endless care has left me, O.
A star and garter hath more art,
Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
For empty titles we must part,
And for glitt'ring show she's left
me, O.

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love;
Thro' distant climates I must rove,
Since Jenny she has left me, O.
Ye powers above, I to your care
Resign my faithless, lovely fair;
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Tho' she has ever left me, O. (Dr. Austin.)

LOGIE O'BUCHAN.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]
Q Logie O'Buchan, O Logie the laird,
They hae ta'en awa Jamie that delv'd
in the yard;

Wha play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol
sae sma';
They hae ta'en awa Jamie the flower o'
them a'.

He said, think na lang, lassie, though I
gang awa;
He said, think na lang, lassie, though I
gang awa;
For the simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
And I'll come and see thee in spite o'
them a'.

O Sandy has owsen, and siller, and
kye,
A house and a haddin, and a' things
forbye;
But I wad hae Jamie wi' his staff in his
hand,
Before I'd hae Sandy wi' houses and
land.

He said, &c.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie
looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is
poor;
But daddie and minnie, although that
they be,
There's nane o' them a' like my Jamie
to me.

He said, &c.

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my
wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me
sae weel;
He had but ae sixpence, he brak it in
twa,
And he gied me the hauf o't when he
gaed awa.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide
na awa;
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na
awa;
The simmer is coming, cauld winter's
awa,
And ye'll come and see me in spite o'
them a'.

YON WAND'RING RILL.

(Air—"The tither morn.")
Yon wand'rинг rill that marks the hill,
And glances o'er the brae, sir,
Slides by a bower, where many a flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, sir;
There Damon lay, with Silvia gay,
To love they thought nae crime, sir;
The wild birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's heart beat time, sir. (Burns.)

**STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN
YOU LEAVE ME?**

Stay, my charmer, can you leave me?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me!
Well, you know how much you grieve
 me;
 Cruel charmer, can you go?
 Cruel charmer, can you go?
By my love so ill-requited,
By the faith you fondly plighted—
By the pangs of lovers slighted—
 Do not, do not leave me so!
 Do not, do not leave me so!

(Burns.)

**HE'S WHAT THEY CA' A
BONNY LAD.**

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

He's what they ca' a bonny lad,
 That I lo'e best o' ony,
But oh! what makes me heart fu' glad,
 He's better far than bonny.
I met him first at Moffat Wells,
 Where a' the Nithsdale gentry
In summer time amuse themsel's,
 And make a joyous entry.

At gloamin, down by yon burnside,
 The last time that I saw him,
He vow'd that I should be his bride,
 Whatever might befa' him;
But war, that scourge of young delight,
 Has torn me frae my bosom,
And I am dowie day and night,
 For fear that I should lose him.

What tho' there's lairds in Annandale,
 At kirk and market boozing,
And mair than aye in Nith's sweet vale,
 That fain would come a-wooing;
Farewell to them and their green vales,
 Where crystal streams are gliding,
For my poor heart, far, far frae these,
 Is wi' my love abiding. (Mayne.)

WOOD AND MARRIED AND A'.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

The bride she is winsome and bonnie,
 Her hair it is snooded sae sleek,
And faithful and kind is her Johnnie,
 Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek;
New pearlings the cause o' her sor-
 row,
 New pearlings, and plenishing, too:
The bride that has a' to borrow
 Has e'en right meikle ado.

Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
 And is she na very well aff,
To be woo'd and married and a'?
Her mother then hastily spak :—
 “ The lassie is glaikit wi' pride,
In my pouches I had na a plack,
 The day that I was a bride;
E'en tak to your wheel, and be clever,
 And draw out your thread in the
 sun;
The gear that is gifted, it never
 Will last like the gear that is won.
Woo'd and married and a',
Tocher and havings sae sma',
 I think ye are very weel aff,
To be woo'd and married and a'.”
“ Toot, toot!” quo' the grey-headed
 father,
 “ She's less of a bride than a bairn,
She's ta'en like a cowt frae the heather,
 Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
 As humour inconstantly leans,
A chiel maun be patient and steady,
 That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
‘Kerchief to cover so neat,
 Locks, the wind used to blaw,
I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
 When I think o' her married at a'.”
Then out spak the wily bridegroom,
 Weel waed were his wordies, I
 ween,
“ I'm rich, tho' my coffers be toom,
 Wi' the blink o' your bonny blue een.
I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
 Tho' thy ruffles and ribbons be few,
Than if Kate o' the craft were my
 bride,
 Wi' purlies and pearlings anew.
Dear and dearest of ony,
 Ye're woo'd and booket and a',
And do ye think scorn o' your Johnnie,
 And grieve to be married at a'?”
She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she
 smil'd,
 And she looket sae bashfully down,
The pride o' her heart was beguil'd,
 And she play'd wi' the sleeve of her
 gown;
She twirled the tag o' her lace,
 And she snippet her boddice sae true,
Syne blinket sae sweet in his face,
 And aff like a maukin she flew.
Woo'd and married and a',
 Married and carried awa';
She thinks hersel very weel aff,
 To be woo'd and married and a'!

(Joanna Baillie.)

MARY MORISON.

(Air—“Bide ye yet.”)

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure
poor!
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,—
The lovely Mary Morison!

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard or saw;
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said, amang them a',
“Ye are na Mary Morison.”

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt nae gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

(Burns.)

THE WHITE COCKADE.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen;
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,
He takes the field wi' his white cockade.

O he's a ranting, roving lad,
He is a brisk an' a bonny lad;
Betide what may, I will be wed,
And follow the boy wi' the white cockade.

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
My gude gray mare and hawkit cow,
To buy mysel a tartan plaid,
To follow the boy wi' the white cockade.

O he's a ranting, &c.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

(Air—“The Lothian Lassie.”)

Last May a braw wooer cam down the
lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave
me;

I said there was naething I hated like
men,
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me,
believe me,
The deuce, &c.
He spak o' the darts in my bonnie
black een,
And vow'd for my love he was
dying;
I said he might die when he liked, for
Jean,
The Lord forgie me for lying, for
lying,—
The Lord, &c.

A weel-stock'd mailen, himsel for the
laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his
proffers:
I never loot on that I ken'd it,— or
cared,
But thought I might hae waur offers,
waur offers,—
But thought, &c.

But what wad ye think? a fortnight or
less,
(The deil tak his taste to gae near
her!)

He up the lang loan to my black cousin
Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear
her, could hear her,—
Guess ye how, &c.

But a' the neist week, as I fretted wi'
care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was
there!—

I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a
warlock,—
I glowr'd, &c.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a
blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in
drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear
lassie,—
And vow'd, &c.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthie and
sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin?
And how her new shoon fit her auld
shackl't feet?
But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin,
a-swearin,—
But, heavens! &c.

He begged, for Gudesake! I wad be
his wife,
Or else I would kill him wi' sorrow;

So e'en to preserve the poor body in
life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow,
to-morrow.—
I think, &c. (Burns.)

FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell
my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I have
mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no
more,
We'll may be return to Lochaber no
more.
These tears that I shed, they are a' for
my dear,
And no' for the dangers attending on
weir,
Tho' borne on rough seas to a far distant
shore,
May be to return to Lochaber no
more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise ev'ry
wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that
in my mind;
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder
waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on
the shore!
To leave thee behind me my heart is
sair pain'd;
But by ease that's inglorious no fame
can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of
the brave,
And I maun deserve it before I can
crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my
excuse,
Since honour commands me, how can I
refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for
thee,
And losing thy favour I'd better not
be.
I gae, then, my lass, to win honour and
fame,
And if I should chance to come glo-
riously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love
running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber
no more.

(Ramsay.)

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent;
But now your head's turn'd bald, John,
Your locks are like the snaw,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.
John Anderson, my jo, John,
When nature first began
To try her cannie hand, John,
Her master-work was man;
And you amang them a', John,
Sae trig from tap to toe,
She prov'd to be nae journey-work,
John Anderson, my jo.
John Anderson, my jo, John,
Ye were my first conceit,
And ye needna' think it strange, John,
Tho' I ca' ye trim and neat;
Tho' some folks say ye're auld, John,
I never think ye so,
But I think ye're a' the same to me,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson,
I'm happy in your arms;
And sae are ye in mine, John,—
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Tho' the days are gane that we hae seen
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
What pleasure does it gie
To see sae mony sprouts, John,
Spring up 'tween you and me;
And ilk a lad and lass, John,
In our footsteps to go,
Makes perfect heaven here on earth,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John,
Will bring us to our last;
But letna' that affright us, John,
Our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we liv'd,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We climb'd the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo. (Burns.)

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMING?

[Music—at D'Almaire & Mackinlay's.]

"Saw ye Johnnie coming," quo' she,
"Saw ye Johnnie coming?
O saw ye Johnnie coming," quo' she,
"Saw ye Johnnie coining,
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie running," quo' she,
"And his doggie running?

"Fee him, father, fee him," quo' she,
"Fee him, father, fee him;
For ah! he is a gallant lad,
And ah! he's a' well doing.
And a' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him," quo' she,
"Wi' me when I see him."

" What will I do wi' him, hussy ?
What will I do wi' him ?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gie him."
" Fee him, father, fee him," quo' she,
" Fee him, father, fee him.

" I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gie him;
And for a mark of mair fee,
Dinna quarrel wi' him;
Dinna quarrel wi' him," daddy,
" Dinna quarrel wi' him.

"For muckle do I lo'e him," quo' she,
"For muckle do I lo'e him;
O, fee him, father, fee him." quo' she,
"Fee him, father, fee him.
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the
barn,
And bless us a' at e'en, my daddy,
And bless us a', my daddy."

DONALD.

[Music—at Metzler's.]

O then, for ever, haste away,
Away from love and me;
Go seek a heart that's like your own,
And come no more to me,
Donald!

HERE AWA, THERE AWA, WANDERING WILLIE.

[Music—at Coventry & Hollier's.]

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa bame;
Come to my bosom my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at
our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in
my ee;
Welcome now summer, and welcome
my Willie,
The summer to nature, my Willie to
me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of
your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover
alarms!
Wauken ye breezes, row gently ye
billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair
to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and mind nae
his Nannie,
Flow still between us thou wide-
roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow
it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's
my ain. (Burns.)

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

[Music—at Hawes's.]

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty
Ben Loimond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er
the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm sum-
mer gloamin',
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower
o' Dunblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft-fauld-
ing blossom,
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle
o' green!

THE BEAUTIES OF SCOTTISH SONG.

Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;

And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
What blight, in its bloom, the sweet flower o' Dunblane!
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enning,
Thou'r dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen:
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winnning,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I could call my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane. (Tannahill.)

THE HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

I hae wander'd mony a night in June,
Alang the banks o' Clyde,
Beneath a bright and bonny moon,
Wi' Mary at my side.
A simmer was she to mine ee,
And to my heart a joy;
And oh! her heart was true to me—
Her Highland minstrel boy.

Her presence could to ev'ry star
New brilliancy confer;
And I thought the flowers were sweeter far
When they were seen wi' her.
Her brow was calm as sleeping sea,
Her glance was fu' o' joy;
And oh! her heart was true to me—
Her Highland minstrel boy.

I hae play'd to ladies fair and gay,
In mony a suthron ha';
But there was ane, far, far awa',
A world aboon them a'!
But now the wearie days are fled,
I think, wi' mournful joy,
Upon the time when Mary'll wed
Her Highland minstrel boy.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean;
I'm wearing awa', Jean,
To the land o' the leal!
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's nae cauld nor care, Jean;
The day's aye fair, Jean,
I' the land o' the leal.

O dry that glist'ning ee, Jean,
My saul lang to be free, Jean,
And angels beckon me, Jean,
To the land o' the leal!
Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome you, Jean,
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean;
And we grudg'd her right sair, Jean,
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This world's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet, and aye be fain, Jean,
I' the land o' the leal.

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE.

(Air—"My jo Janet.")

"Husband, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir."

"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy?"

"If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sovereign lord,
And so good bye, allegiance!"

"Sad will I be so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy;
Yet I'll try to make a shifst
My spouse, Nancy."

" My poor heart then break it must,
 My last hour I'm near it;
 When you lay me in the dust,
 Think, think, how you will bear it!"

" I will hope and trust in heaven,
 Nancy, Nancy;
 Strength to bear it will be given,
 My spouse, Nancy."

" Well, sir, from the silent dead,
 Still I'll try to daunt you;
 Ever round your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you."

" I'll wed another, like my dear
 Nancy, Nancy;
 Then all hell will fly for fear,
 My spouse, Nancy!" (Burns.)

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA', WILLIE.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

O Kenmure's on and awa', Willie,
 O Kenmure's on and awa';
 And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,
 Success to Kenmure's band;
 There's nae a heart that fears a Whig,
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap,
 Willie,
 There's a rose in Kenmure's cap;
 He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's
 blude,
 Afore the battle drap.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
 O Kenmure's lads are men;
 Their hearts and swords are metal
 true,
 And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,
 They'll live or die wi' fame;
 But soon wi' sounding victorie
 May Kenmure's lord come hame!
 ere's Kenmure's health in wine, Wil-
 lie,
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
 There ne'er was a coward o' Ken-
 mure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

Here's him that's far awa', Willie,
 Here's him that's far awa';
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best,
 The rose that's like the snaw.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

(Air—" Saw ye Johnnie coming ?")
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever;
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever.
 Aften hast thou vow'd that death
 Only should us sever;
 Now thou'st left thy lass for ay,
 I maun see thee never, Jamie,
 I maun see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken;
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken.
 Thou canst love anither jo,
 While my heart is breaking;
 Soon my weary een will close,
 Never mair to waken, Jamie,
 Never mair to waken. (Burns.)

THE GOLDEN-HAIR'D LADDIE.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

" O, Marion the Merry, who gave you
 that fairing?
 The lasses all envy, lads jealously
 view
 That true-lover's knot, on your bosom,
 too, wearing;
 O say, blushing Marion, who gave 'em
 to you?"

" O, the knot and the fairings were
 given to me,
 When the golden-hair'd laddie came
 over the lea."

" O, Marion the Merry, why now
 sadly sighing?
 Your tresses neglected are sport for
 the breeze;
 The villagers' pastimes why foolishly
 flying?

O say, silly Marion, what symptoms
 are these?"

" O, the knot and the fairings no longer
 please me,
 For the golden-hair'd laddie's gone over
 the lea."

" O, Marion the Merry, again sweetly
 smiling,
 Again like the fawn tripping lightly
 along;
 What innocent hopes, all your sorrow
 beguiling,
 O say, happy Marion, enliven your
 song?"

"O, the knot and the fairings again
Pleasure me,
For the golden-hair'd laddie comes over
the lea!"

BONNIE MARY HAY.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Bonnie Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee yet,
For thy eye is the slae, and thy hair is
the jet;
The shaw is thy skin, and the rose is
thy cheek;
O, bonnie Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee
yet.

Bonnie Mary Hay, will ye gang wi'
me,
When the sun's i' the west, to the
hawthorn tree?
To the hawthorn tree in the bonnie
berry den,
And I'll tell you, Mary, how I lo'e you
then.

Bonnie Mary Hay, it's halliday to me,
When thou art couthie, kind, and free;
There's nae clouds in the list, nor
storms in the sky,
My bonnie Mary Hay, when thou art
nigh.

Bonnie Mary Hay, thou mauna say na',
But come to the bower by the haw-
thorn brae;
But come to the bower and I'll tell you
a' that's true:
O Mary! I can ne'er lo'e ony but you.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVA-
LOCH.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Roy's wife of Aldivaloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivaloch;
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes o' Balloch?

She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine;
She said she lo'ed me best o' ony;
But ah! the faithless, fickle queen,
She's ta'en the carle, and left her
Johnnie!
Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mou sae sweet and
bonny;
To me she ever will be dear,
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie!
Roy's wife, &c.

But, O! she was a cantie queen,
And weel could dance the Highland
walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivaloch!
Roy's wife, &c.

(Mrs. Grant.)

HIGHLAND MARY.

[Music—at Coventry & Hollier's.]

Ye banks, and braes, and streams
around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your
flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unsaulds her robes,
And there they langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green
birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew owre me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the turf, and cauld's the
clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still, within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

(Burns.)

SCOTS, WHA HAE WI'
WALLACE BLEED.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour!
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains, and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor, turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Freemen stand, or freemen fa',
Caledonians, on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fall in every foe;
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward—do or die! (Burns.)

DAINTIE DAVIE.

[Music—at Lawson's.]

The lasses fain wad hae frae me
A sang to keep them a' in glee;
While ne'er a ane I hae to gie,
But only Daintie Davie.
I learnt it early in my youth,
When barley bannocks caus'd a drouth,
Whar cronies met to weet their mouth,
Our sang was Daintie Davie.
O Daintie Davie is the thing!
I never ken'd a cantie spring,
That e'er deser'd the Highland fling,
Sae weel as Daintie Davie!

When frien' and fonk at bridals meet,
Their drouthy mou's and craigs to
weet,
The storie canna be complete
Without they've Daintie Davie.
Sae ladies, tune your spinnets weel,
An' lilt it up wi' a' your skile,
Nae strathspey nor a Highland reel
Comes up to Daintie Davie.
O Daintie Davie, &c.

Tho' bardies a', in former times,
Hae stain'd my sang wi' worthless
rhymes,
They had but little mense wi' crimes,
To blast my Daintie Davie.
The rankest weeds the garden spoil,
While labour takes the play awhile,
The lamp gaes out for want o' oil,
And sae it far'd wi' Davie.
O Daintie Davie, &c.

There's ne'er a bar but what's complete,
While ilka note is ay sae sweet,
That auld and young get to their feet,
When they hear Daintie Davie;
Until the latest hour o' time,
When music a' her power shall tine,
Each hill and dale, and grove shall ring
Wi' bonnie Daintie Davie.

O Daintie Davie, &c.

AND YE SHALL WALK.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

“ And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye consent to be my bride,
Nor think on Donald mair.”
“ O wha wad buy a silken gown,
Wi' a puir broken heart?
Or what's to me a siller crown,
Gin frae my love I part?

“ I wad nae walk in silk attire,
Nor braid wi' gems my hair,
Gin he whose faith is pledged wi' mine
Were wrang'd and grieving sair.
Fraeld infancy he loved me still,
And still my heart shall prove
How weel it can those vows fulfil,
Which first repaid his love.

“ The mind whase every wish is pure,
Far dearer is to me,
And ere I'm forc'd to brak my faith,
I'll lay me down and dee;
For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth,
Brave Donald's fate to share,
And he has gien to me his heart
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

“ His gentle manners won my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift,
Could I but think to seek it back,
It would be war' than thift;
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me;
And ere I'm forc'd to brak my troth,
I'll lay me down and dee.”

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O!

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo and dearie, O;
Thy neck is like the siller dew
Upon the banks sae brierie, O.
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee;
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
My only jo and dearie, O!

The birdie sings upon the thorn,
It's sang o' joy fu' cheery, O,
Rejoicing i' the simmer morn,
Nae care to mak it eerie, O;
But little kens the sangster sweet
Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies, on yon brae,
And youth was blinking bonny, O,
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and mony, O!
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,
And round about the thornie tree,
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;
I wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me, O!
Then I wad daur thee night and day,
Nor ither warly care wad hae,
Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
My only jo and dearie, O. (Gall.)

O, NANNIE, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

O, Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Nor sigh to quit the flaunting toun?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot, and russet goun?
Nae langer deck'd in silken sheen,
Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene
Whare thou wast fairest of the fair?
O, Nannie, when thou'rt far awa',
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
Oh! can that saft and gentle mien
Extreme of hardships learn to bear?
Nor sad regret each courtly scene
Whare thou wast fairest of the fair?
O, Nannie, canst thou love so true,
Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share wi' him the pang of wae?
And when invading pains besal,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,
Whare thou wast fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of
death?

And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender
tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Whare thou wast fairest of the fair?
(Dr. Percy.)

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart
is not here,—
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing
the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following
the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I
go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to
the north,
The birthplace of valour, the country of
worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I
love.

Farewell to the mountains high, cover'd
with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green
valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging
woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-
pouring floods.
My heart's in, &c. (Burns.)

CA' THE EWES.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Ca' the ewes to the knowes
Ca' them whare the heather grows;
Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark! the mavis' evening sang,
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonny dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Yonder's Clouden's silent towers,
Where, at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy-bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nought of ill may come thee near,
My bonny dearie.

Ca' the ewes, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonny dearie.

Ca' the ewes, &c.

(Burns.)

THE BOATIE ROWS.

[Music—at Hawes's.]

O weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed;
And leesome may the boatie row,
That wins my bairns' bread!
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And weel may the boatie row,
That wins my bairns' bread!

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,
And won frae me my heart;
O muckle lighter grew my creel,—
He swore we'd never part:
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the load,
When love bears up the creel.

When Sawney, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up and gotten lair',
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel,
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The merlain and the creel.

And when wi' age we are worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll help to keep us dry and warm,
As we did them before;
Then weel may the boatie row,
She wins the bairns' bread;
And happy be the lot o' a'
That wish the boatie speed'

O SAY, BONNY LASS, WILL YOU LIE IN A BARRACK?

[Music—at Metzler's.]

* O say, bonny lass, will you lie in a
barrack,
And marry a sodger, and carry his
wallet?

O say, will you leave baith your mither
and daddy,
And follow the camp with your sodger
laddie?"

* O yes, bonny lad, I could lie in a
barrack,
And marry a sodger, and carry his
wallet;
I'll neither ask leave of my mither or
daddy,
But follow the camp wi' my sodger
laddie."

" O say, bonny lass, will you go a-cam-
paigning,
And bear all the hardships of battle
and famine?
When wounded, and bleeding, then
would ye draw near me,
And kindly support me, and tenderly
cheer me?"

" O yes, bonny lad, I will think naething
of it,
But follow my Harry, and carry his
wallet;
Nor dangers, nor famine, nor wars
can alarm me,
My sodger is near me, and naething can
harm me."

" But say, bonny lass, when I go into
battle,
Where dying men groan, and loud can-
nons rattle,"—

" O then, bonny lad, I will share a'
your harms,
And should you be kill'd, I will die in
your arms!"

MY HEART IS SAIR.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

My heart is sair, I dare na' tell,
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' somebody.
Oh hon! for somebody!
Oh hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody!
Oh hon! for somebody!
Oh hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' somebody!

(Burns.)

THE REEL O' TULLOCH-GORUM.

[Music—at D'Alnaine & Mackinlay's.]

Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix,
And rosin weel your fiddle-sticks,
But banish vile Italian tricks
Frae out your quorum;
Nor fortis wi' pianos mix;
Gie's Tullochgorum.

Come, gie's a song, the lady cried,
And lay all your disputes aside;
What nonsense 'tis for folks to chide
For what's been done before 'em!
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory all agree
To drop their Whigmegorum.
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the nicht wi' mirth and glee;
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight—
It gars us a' in aue unite;
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',
To make a cheerfu' quorum;
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw;
And dance, till we's be like to fa',
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be sae great a phrase,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
For half a hundred score o' 'em.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie,
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum;
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their allegros and a' the rest:
They canna please a Highland taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum!

Let warly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear o' want and double cess,
And silly sauls themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum;
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky,
Sour and sulky?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like old Philosophorum?

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Aud canna rise to shake a fit
To the Reel of Tullochgorum?

My choicest blessings still attend
Each honest-hearted, open friend;
Aud calm and quiet be his end—

Be a' that's good before him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,

Peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty,

May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' 'em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot;
And may he never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum!

But for the discontented fool
Who wants to be Oppression's tool,
May Envy knew his rotten soul,

And blackest fiends devour him!
May dole and sorrow be his chance,

Dole and sorrow,
Dole and sorrow,

May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And honest souls devour him!

May dole and sorrow be his chance;
And banish him to Spain or France,
Whoe'er he be that winna dance
The Reel of Tullochgorum!

(Rev. J. Skinner.)

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

[Music—at Lawson's.]

The Lawland lads think they are fine,
But, O! they're vain and idly
gaudy:

How much unlike the gracefu' mien,
And manly looks of my Highland
laddie.

O my bonnie Highland laddie,
My handsome, charming Highland lad-
die!

May heaven still guard, and love
reward,
The Lawland lass and her Highland
laddie.

If I were free at will to choose,
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
I'd tak young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blue and belted plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

The bravest beau in Burrows-town,
In a' his airs, wi' art made ready,
Compared wi' him, he's but a clown,
He's fluer far in's tartan plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

O'er Benty-hill wi' him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and daddie;
Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
May please a Lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad,
Behind a bush, in's Highland plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

Few compliments between us pass;
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
And rows me in beneath his plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heaven preserve my Highland laddie.
O my bonnie, &c.

(Ramsay.)

CORN-RIGGS ARE BONNY.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is sweeter than new bay,
His face is fair and ruddy.
His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's comely in his wauking;
The shining o' his een surprise;
It's heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bauk,
Where yellow corn was growing;
There mony a kindly word he spak,
That set my heart a-glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And lo'ed me best o' ony;
That gars me like to sing sin' syne,
"O, corn-riggs are bonny."

Let maidens o' a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting;
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastely should be granting.
Then I'll comply, an' marry Pate,
And syne my cockerony
He's free to touzel air or late,
Where corn-riggs are bonny.

(Ramsay.)

MAGGIE LAUDER.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Wha wadna be in love
Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And speered what was't they ca'd her:
Right scornfully she answered him,
" Begone, you hallanshaker;
Jog on your gate, you bladder-skate,
My name is Maggie Lauder."
" Maggie," quoth he, " and, by my bags,
I'm fiddging fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
In troth I winna steer thee:
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter,
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blow up my chanter."

" Piper," quoth Meg, " hae ye your bags?
Or is your drone in order?
If you be Rob, I've heard of you,—
Live you upon the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Hae heard of Rob the Ranter
I'll shake my fit wi' right good will,
Gif ye'll blow up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and walloch'd o'er the green,
For brawlly could she frisk it.
" Weel done," quoth he; " Play up,"
quoth she;
" Weel bobb'd," quoth Rob the Ranter;
" 'Tis worth my while to play; indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer."
" Weel hae you play'd your part,"
quoth Meg;
" Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays so weel,
Since we lost Habby Simpson.
I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anster fair,
Speer ye for Maggie Lauder."

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES,
MY MARY?(Air—" Will ye go the ewe-bughts,
Marion?")

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine!

I hae sworn by the heavens to my
Mary,
I hae sworn by the heavens to be
true;
And sae may the heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part
us!

The hour and the moment o' time!
(Burns.)

JOCKIE AND JENNY.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day,
When Nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing, and lambs to
play,

And gild the meadows fair;
Young Jockie, with the early dawn,
Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn;
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run
With Jockie to the fair.

The cheerful parish-bells had rung;
With eager steps he trudged along;
While flowery garlands round him
hung,

Which shepherds used to wear;
He tapped the window, "Haste, my
dear!"
Jenny, impatient, cried, "Who's there?"
"Tis I, my love, and no one near,
Step gently down, you've nought to
fear,
With Jockie to the fair."

"My dad and mam are fast asleep,
My brother's up, and with the sheep,
And will you still your promise keep,
Which I have heard you swear?
And will you ever constant prove?"
"I will, by all the powers above!
And ne'er deceive my charming dove;
Dispel these doubts, and haste my
love,
With Jockie to the fair."

"Behold the ring," the shepherd cried,
"Will Jenny be my charming bride?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there."
Then Jockie did his vows renew,
He would be constant, would be true,
His word was pledg'd, away she flew,
O'er cowslips, tipt with balmy dew,
With Jockie to the fair.

In raptures meet the joyful throng,
Their gay companions, blithe and young,
Each joins the dance, each joins the
song,

To hail the happy pair:
In turns, there's none so fond as they,
They bless the kind, propitious day,
The smiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny ran away
With Jockie to the fair.

NOW WAT YE WHA I MET YESTREEN?

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the street, my jo?
My mistress in her tartan screen,
Fu' bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.
"My dear," quoth I, "thanks to the
night,

That never wish'd a lover ill,
Since ye're out of your mother's sight,
Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.

"O Katy, wilt thou gang wi' me,
And leave the dinsome town awhile?
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the simmer's gaun to smile;
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleating lambs, and whistling
bind,
In ilka dale, green, shaw, or park,
Will nourish health, and glad your
mind.

"Soon as the clear gude-man of day
Bends down his morning draught of
dew,
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
And gather flowers to busk your
brow.
We'll pou the daisies on the green,

The lucken gowans frae the bog;
Between hands now and then we'll
lean,

And sport upon the velvet fog.

"There's up into a pleasant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tower,
A canny, saft, and flowery den,
Where circling birks have form'd a
bower

Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
We'll to that cauler shade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kiss, and kiss and love." (Ramsay.)

ON WI' THE TARTAN.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

Can ye lo'e, my dear lassie, the hills
wild and free,
Where the sang o' the shepherd gars a'
ring wi' glee?
O'er the steep rocky glens where the
wild falcons hide?
Then on wi' the tartan, an' fye let us
ride.

Can ye lo'e the knowes, lassie, that
ne'er were in riggs?
Or the bonnie lowne howes where the
sweet robin biggs?
Or the sang o' the lintie when wooing
his bride?
Then on wi' the tartan, an' fye let us
ride.

Can ye lo'e the burn, lassie, that loups
among linns?
Or the bonny green holmes where it
cannily rins?
Wi' a cantie bit housie sae snug by its
side?
Then on wi' the tartan an' fye let us
ride. (Ainslie.)

TWEED SIDE.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

What beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon
Tweed!
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,
Where nature doth fancy exceed.
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove;
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let's see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love, while the feather'd folk
sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?

Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to
rest;
Kind nature, indulging my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell—
She's fairest, where thousands are
fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks
stray?
Oh, tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding
Tay?
Or the pleasanter banks of the
Tweed? (Crawford.)

WHAT WILL I DO WI' TAM GLEN?

(Air—"Mucking o' Geordie's byre.")

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittle,
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity;
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird of Drum-
meller,
"Guid day to you, brute," he comes
ben';
He brags and he blaws o' his siller—
But when will he dance like Tam
Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
An' bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,—
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten;
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing
And thrice it was written, "Tam
Glen!"

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam up the house staukin',
An' the very grey breeks o' Tam
Glen!

Come, counsel, dear tittle, don't tarry ;
 I'll gie ye my bonny black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.
 (Burns.)

WILL YE GO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION?

[Music—at Cramer, Addison & Beale's.]

Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion ?
 And wear in the sheep wi' me ?
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
 But nae hauf sae sweet as thee !

My Marion's a bonny lass,
 The blythe blink's in her ee ;
 And fain wad I marry Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,
 A cow an' a brawlie quey ;
 I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal day.

An' ye'se get a green sey apron,
 An' waistcoat o' Lon'on brown ;
 Then vow but ye will be vap'rin,
 When ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,
 Nane dances like me on the green ;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
 Wi' kirtle o' the cramasie ;
 And sae soon's my chin has nae hair on,
 I'll come west and see thee.

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

[Music—at Hawes's.]

There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail yard,
 There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail yard ;
 And below the bonnie brier bush there's a lassie and a lad,
 And they're busy, busy courting in our kail yard.

What will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa',
 What will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa' ?
 I will awa' to Edinburgh, and win a pennie fee,
 An' see gin ony bonnie lad will fancy me.

He's comin' frae the north that is to fancy me,
 He's comin' frae the north that is to fancy me ;
 A feather in his bannet, and a ribiou at his knee,
 He's a bonnie, bonnie laddie, and you he be.

THE BLUE BONNETS ARE OVER THE BORDER.

[Music—at Coventry & Hollier's.]

March ! march ! Ettrick and Tiviotdale,
 Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order ?
 March ! march ! Eskdale and Liddesdale,
 All the blue bonnets are over the border.
 Many a banner spread, flutters above your head ;
 Many a crest that is famous in story ;
 Mount and make ready, then, sons of the mountain glen,
 Fight for your homes, and the old Scottish glory !
 March ! march, &c.

Come from the hills where your hissels are grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe ;
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing ;
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow !
 Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding ;
 Stand to your arms, and march in good order ;
 England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
 When the blue bonnets came over the border ! (Sir W. Scott.)

AULD LANG SYNE.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson s.]

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 An' never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 An' days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne ;
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
An' pou't the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd many a weary fit,
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas atween us braid baa roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

An' here's a han', my trusty frien',
An' gie's a han' o' thine;
We'll tak a right guid wifie waught,
For auld lang syne.
An' surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
An' surely I'll be mine;
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne. (Burns.)

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
The yellow-hair'd laddie would often-times go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.
There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
Wi' freedom he sang his loves c'ening and morn;
He sang wi' so soft and enchanting a sound,
That sylvans and fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung: "Tho' young Mary be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd wi' a scornfu', proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

"That Maudie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

"That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dower,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;"

Then, sighing, he wish'd, that would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be. (Ramsay.)

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

[Music—at Crainer, Addison & Beale's.]

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu!
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil!
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war-array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky;
Come every hill-plaid,
And true heart that wears one;
Come every steel-blade,
And strong hand that bears one!

Leave un tended the herd,
The flock without shelter,
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar.
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear
Broad-swords and targes.

Come, as the winds come,
When forests are rended;
Come, as the waves come,
When navies are stranded!
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster;
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master

Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather!
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu!
Knell for the onset!

(Sir Walter Scott.)

JUMPIN' JOHNNY.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

Her daddie forbad, her minnie forbad,
For bidden she wadna be;
She wadna trow't the broo she brew'd
Wad taste see bitterlie;

For jumpin' John, young Jumpin' John,
Beguil'd the bonnie lassie;
The lad was ta', wi' looks sae braw,
He won the bonnie lassie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
And thretty guid shillings and three;
A very good tocher, a cotter-man's
dochter,
The lass wi' the bonnie black ee.
For jumping John, &c.

DONALD COOPER.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Hey Donald, how Donald, hey Donald
Cooper;
He went awa' to seek a wife, and he's
come hame without her;
O, Donald Cooper, and his man, hied to
a Highland fair, man,
And a' to seek a bonnie lass, but fient a
ane was there, man!

Hey Donald, how Donald, hey Donald
Cooper;
He went awa' to seek a wife, and he
cam hame without her!
At length he got a carlin grey, and she's
come birplin hame, man,
And she's fa'n owre the buffet stool, and
brak her collar-bane, man!

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O'
MINE?

[Music—at Cramer, Addisou & Beale's.]

What ails this heart o' mine?
What ails this watery ee?
What gars me ay turn cauld as death,
When I tak leave of thee?
When thou art far awa',
Thou'l dearer grow to me;
But change of souk, and change of
place,
May gar thy fancy gae.

Then I'll sit down and moan,
Just by yon spreading tree;
And gin a leaf fa' in my lap,
I'll ca't a word frae thee.
Syne I'll gang to the bower,
Whitch thou wi' roses tied,
Twas there, by many a blushing bud,
I strove my love to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot
Whare I hae been wi' thee
I'll call to mind some fond love tale,
By every burn and tree.

'Tis hope that cheers the mind,
Though lovers absent be;
And when I think I see thee still,
I'll think I'm still wi' thee.
— (Blamire.)

YE BANKS AND BRAES O'
BONNY DOON.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

Ye banks and braes o' Bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae waery fu' o' care?
Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling birds,
That wanton through the flow'ring
thorn,
Ye mind me of departed joys,
Departed, never to return!
Aft hae I roam'd by bonny Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
Where ilka bird sung o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart, I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause lover stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn to me.
Ye roses, blow your bonny blooms,
And draw the wild birds by the
burn;
For Luman promis'd me a ring,
And ye maun aid me aboul'd I
maun.
Ah! na', na', na', ye needna mourn,
My een are dim and drowsy worn;
Ye bonny birds, ye needna sing,
For Luman never can return.

My Luman's love, in broken sighs,
At dawn of day by Doon ye'se hear,
And mid-day, by the willow green,
For him I'll shed a silent tear.
Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pity me,
And join me wi' a plaintive sang,
While echo wakes, and joins the moan
I mak for him I lo'ed sae lang.

(Burns.)

MY SOLDIER LOVE.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

Leeze me on, my soldier love,
Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie;
Brave as lion, kind as dove,
Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie;
Should he fall in battle's strife,
Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie;
None besides shall call me a wife,
Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie.

But if glorious from the wars,
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie;
Proud will I be of his scars,
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie;
By the sparkle o' his ee,
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie;
None, I ken, he lo'es but me,
 Bonnie laddie, soldier iaddie.

O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YE, MY LAD.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad;
O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should
 gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad.

But warily tent when ye come to court
 me,
And come na' unless the back yett be
 ajee;
Syne up the back stile, and let naebody
 see,
And come as if ye were na' comin' to
 me.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet
me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na' a
fie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie
black ee,
Yet look as if ye were na' looking at
me.

O whistle, &c.

Ay, vew and protest that ye care na'
for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty
a wee;
But court na' anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae
me.

O whistle, &c. (Burns.)

SAW YE MY FATHER?

[Music—at Wybrow's]

"Oh, saw ye my father, or saw ye my
mither,
Or saw ye my true-love, John?"
"I saw na' your father, I saw na' your
mither,
But I saw your true-love, John."

It's now ten at night, and the stars gie
nae light,
And the bells they ring, ding dong;

He's met wi' some delay, that causeth
him to stay,
But he will be here ere long.

The surlyauld carle did naething but
snarl,
And Johnny's face it grew red;
Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word
replied,
Till a' were asleep in bed.

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,

And gently tirld the pin;
The lassie taking tent, unto the door
she went,

Then open'd it and let him in.

"And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast?

And is my Johnny true?

I hae nae time to tell, but sae lang's I
like mysel,
Sae lang shall I lora you.

Sae lang shall I love you.»

Flee up, flee up, my bonny grey cock,
And craw when it is day;
Your neck shall be as the bonny beaten
gold.

And your wings of the silver grey.
The cock prov'd fause, and untrue he
was,
For he crew an hour owre soon;
The lassie thought it day when she
sent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

'TWAS WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN.

[Music—Cramer, Addison, & Beale's.]

'Twas within a mile of Edinbrngh
town,
In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass
was down,

And each shepherd woo'd his dear.
Bonnie Jockie, blithe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay :
The lassie blush'd, and, frowning,
cried.—

"Na', na', it winna do;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, mauna
buckle to."

Jockie was a wag that never wad
wed,
Though lang he had followed the
lass;
Contented, she earn'd and ate her
brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.

Bonnie Jockie, blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily;
Yet still she blush'd, and, frowning,
cried.—
“Na, na,” &c.

But when he vow'd he wad make her
his bride,
Though his flocks and his herds were
not few,
She'd gied him her hand, and a kiss
beside,
And vow'd she'd ever be true.
Bonnie Jockie, blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily;
At kirk she nae mair, frowning, cried,
“Na', na',” &c

MY NATIVE HIGHLAND HOME.

[Music—at D’Almaine & Mackiulay’s.]

My Highland home, where tempests
blow,
And cold thy wintry looks,
Thy mountains crown’d with driven
snow,
And ice-bound are thy brooks!
But colder far the Briton’s heart,
However far he roam,
To whom these words no joy impart—
“My native Highland home!”
Then gang wi’ me to Scotland, dear,
We ne'er again shall roam;
And with thy smiles, so bonny, cheer
My native Highland home.

When summer comes, the heather bell
Shall tempt thy feet to rove,
The cushet dove within the dell
Invites to peace and love!
For blythesome is the breath of May,
And sweet the bonny broom,
And blithe the dimpling rills that play
Around my Highland home!
Then gang wi’ me, &c.

(Morton.)

MACGREGOR’S GATHERING.

[Music—at Leoni Lee’s.]

The moon’s on the lake, and the mist’s
on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is name-
less by day;
Our signal for flight, which from mo-
narchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our
vengeful halloo!
Then balloo, halloo, balloo, Gre
galach!

If they rob us of name, and pursue us
with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flames, and their
flesh to the eagles;
Then gather, gather, gather, Gre-
galach!
While there’s leaves in the forest, and
foam on the river,
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish
for ever!
Glenorchy’s proud mountains, Colchurn
and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are
ours,—
We’re landless, landless, landless,
Gregalach!
Through the depths of Loch Katrine
the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Benlomond the galley
shall steer;
And the rocks of Craig Royston like
icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our
vengeance unfelt!

(Sir Walter Scott.)

GO, FETCH TO ME A PINT OF WINE.

[Music—at Monro & May’s.]

Go, fetch to me a pint of wine,
And fill it in a siller tassie,
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier of Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the
ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.
The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glitt’ring spears are ranked
ready,
The shouts of war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad make me longer wish to tarry;
Nor shout of war that's heard afar,—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

(Burns.)

O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

[Music—at Cramer, Addison & Beale’s.]

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her ee.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her ee.
(Chorus)—O this is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And ay it charms my very saul
The kind love that's in her ee.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the ee.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her ee.
(Burns.)

AFTON WATER.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes!
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream!

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Se wild-whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy wailing forbear!
charge you—disturb not my slumbering fair!

Iow lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
Here daily I wander, as noon rises high,
By flocks, and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

Iow pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
here, oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Tby chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave! (Burns.)

JOHN TOD

[Music—at Hawes's.]

He's a terrible man, John Tod, John Tod,
He's a terrible man, John Tod!
He scolds in the house, he scolds at the door,
He scolds on the vera high road, John Tod,
He scolds on the vera high road!
An' saw ye nae little John Tod, John Tod,
O saw ye nae little John Tod?
His shoon they were re'in, and his feet they were seen,
But stout does he gang on the road, John Tod,
But stout does he gang on the road.
Ye're sun-burnt and tatter'd, John Tod, John Tod,
Ye're tatter'd and batter'd, John Tod;
Wi' ye're auld striped coul, ye look maist like a fuil,
But there's nouse i' the lining, John Tod, John Tod,
There's nouse i' the lining, John Tod.
He's weel respectit, John Tod, John Tod,
He's weel respectit, John Tod;
Tho' a terrible man, we'd a' gane wrang,
If ye sud leave us, John Tod, John Tod,
If ye sud leave us, John Tod.

LOCH NA GARR.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,
In you let the minions of luxury rove,
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love;

Yet, Caledonia, belov'd are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war,
Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch Na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade!
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch Na Garr.

Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the winds o'er his own Highland vale?
Round Loch Na Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch Na Garr!

(Byron.)

JOHN ANDERSON'S GANE.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

He is gane frae his hearth, and the auld wife sits there,
And she mournfully looks at his empty arm-chair;
Her John Anderson's dead, and his white frosty pow
I' the kirk-yard lies pillow'd sae dark-some and low!
Her heart is sair wi' grief and care,
She thinks of the love-days she pass'd wi' her jo;
And she canna now wark at her ance merry wheel,
For John Anderson's gane to the land o' the leal!

She thinks o' the day when she bloom'd as a bride,
And John Anderson walk'd like a laird by her side,
In his bonnie new tartan sae trig and sae braw.
When his smile was the sweetest her een ever saw;
When maids o' May, sae blyth and gay,
Strew'd posies before them the fairest of a',
Then she thinks o' the grave where his body rests weel,
And his soul, which is gane to the land o' the leal!
He is gane on before, and she weeps here to stay,
For she langts to be ganging the same silent way;
And she reads the guid book that points out the fair road
Which leads to the place of her dear one's abode;
Where love and youth, eternal truth,
And goodness and joy make a heavenly code:
The lane one is anxious Death's summons to feel,
And she langts for a sight o' the land o' the leal!

(G. J. Bennett.)

KELVIN GROVE.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove,
Bonny lassie, O!
Through its mazes let us rove,
Bonny lassie, O!
Where the rose, in all its pride,
Paints the hollow dingle-side,
Where the midnight fairies glide,
Bonny lassie, O!

We will wander by the mill,
Bonny lassie, O!
To the cove beside the rill,
Bonny lassie, O!
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the lofty water-fall,
Through the mountains' rocky hall,
Bonny lassie, O!

Then we'll up to yonder glade,
Bonny lassie, O!
Where so oft beneath its shade,
Bonny lassie, O!
With the songsters in the grove,
We have told our tale of love,
And have sportive garlands wove,
Bonny lassie, O!

Oh ! I soon must bid adieu,
Bonny lassie, O !
To this fairy scene and you,
Bonny lassie, O !
To the streamlet winding clear,
To the fragrant scented brier,
E'en to thee, of all most dear,
Bonny lassie, O !
For the frowns of fortune low'r,
Bonny lassie, O !
On thy lover at this hour,
Bonny lassie, O !
Ere the golden orb of day,
Wake the warblers from the spray,
From this land I must away,
Bonny lassie, O !
And when on a distant shore,
Bonny lassie, O !
Should I fall 'midst battle's roar,
Bonny lassie, O !
Wilt thou, Julia, when you hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his mem'ry drop a tear,
Bonny lassie, O ? (J. Sims.)

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

[Music—at Wybrow's]

The Campbells are comin', O ho ! O ho !
The Campbells are comin', O ho ! O ho !
The Campbells are comin' to bonny
Lochleven,
The Campbells are comin', O ho ! O ho !
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay ;
I look'd down to bonny Lochleven,
And heard the bonny pibrochs play,
The Campbells, &c.

There's great Argyle, he goes before,
He makes his cannons loudly roar ;
Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum,
The Campbells are comin', O ho ! O ho !
The Campbells, &c.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
They loyal faith and truth to shew,
Wi' banners rattling in the wind,
The Campbells are comin', O ho ! O ho !
The Campbells, &c.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O !

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

Green grow the rashes, O !
Green grow the rashes, O !
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O !

There's nought but care on every han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O ;
What signifies the life o' man,
And 'twere na' for the lasses, O ?
(Chorus)—Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O ;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O ?

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O ;
An' warly cares, and warly men,
May a gae tapsalteerie, O !

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this ;
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O ;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O !

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O ;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O !

(Burns.)

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's]

The night her silent sable wore,
And gloomy were the skies,
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
Than those in Nelly's eyes ;
When to her father's door I came,
Where I had often been,
I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,
To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
Did my fond suit reprove ;
And while she chid my rash design,
She but inflain'd my love.
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
Whilst her bright eyes did roll ;
But virtue had the very power
To charm my very soul.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
Transporting is my joy ;
No greater blessing can I prove,
So blest a man am I !
For beauty may awhile retain
The conquer'd flatter'd heart,
But virtue only in the chain
Holds, never to depart.

KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

[Music—Cramer, Addison, & Beale's.]

Robin is my only jo ;
Robin has the art to lo'e ;
So to his suit I mean to bow,
Because I ken he lo'es me.

Happy, happy was the shower,
That led me to his birken bower,
Where first of love I fand the power,
And ken't that Robin lo'ed me.

He's tall and sonsic, frank and free,
Lo'ed by a', and dear to me;
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
Because my Robin lo'es me.

Then fly ye lazy hours away,
And hasten on the happy day,
When, 'Join your hands,' Mess John
shall say,
And mak him mine that lo'es me.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,
A wee before the sun gaed down,
My lassie wi' a braw new gown,
Cam o'er the hill to Gowrie.
The rose-bud, ting'd with morning
shower,
Bloom'd fresh within the sunnie bower,
But Kitty was the fairest flower,
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

I had nae thought to do her wrang,
But round her waist my arm I flang,
And said, "My lassie, will ye gang,
To view the Carse o' Gowrie?
I'll tak ye to my father's ha',
In yon green field beside the shaw
And make ye lady o' them a',
The bravest wife in Gowrie."

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheek soon spread,
She whisper'd modestly, and said,
"I'll gang wi' ye to Gowrie."
The auld folk soon gied their consent,
And to Mess John we quickly went,
Wha tied us to our heart's content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

LOGAN WATER.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride!
And years sinsyne hae o'er us ran,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his facs,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.
Again the merry month of May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;

The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing
flowers;
Blithe morning lifts his rosy ee,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to
cheer—

Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Oh! wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse in deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tear, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

(Burns.)

KITTY O' THE CLYDE.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

A boat danc'd on Clyde's bonny
stream,
When winds were rudely blowing;
There sat what might the goddess
seem
Of the waves beneath her flowing;
But no! a mortal fair was she,
Surpassing a' beside,
The youths a' spier't the choice to be
O' Kitty o' the Clyde.

I saw the boatman spread a sail,
And while his dastness noting,
The boat was upset by the gale,
I saw sweet Kitty floating!
I plung'd into the silvery wave,
Wi' Cupid for my guide,
And thought my heart weel lost to
save
Sweet Kitty o' the Clyde.

But Kitty's aye a high-born fair,
A lowly name I carry,
Nor can wi' lordly thanes compare,
Who woo the maid to marry.
Yet she na' scornfu' looks on me,
And joy may yet betide;
For hope dares flatter mine may be
Sweet Kitty o' the Clyde.

(C. Dibdin.)

O, DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E YE.

[Music—Cramer, Addison, & Beale's.]

O, dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye!

Troth, I darena tell;

Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye,
Ask it o' yersel,

O, dinna look sae sair at me,
For weel ye ken me true;

O, gin ye look sae sair at me,
I darena look at you!

When ye gang to yon braw, braw town,

And bonnier lasses see,

O dinna, Jamie, look at them,
Lest ye should mind nae me;

For I could never bide the lass
That ye'd lo'e mair than me:

And O, I'm sure my heart would break,
Gin ye'd prove fause to me!

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling,
I've tasted her pleasures, and felt her
decay;

Sweet was her blessing,
And kind her caressing,
But now they are fled, fled far away!

I've seen the forest
Adorn'd the foremost,
Wi' flowers o' the fairest, baith pleasant
and gay;

Sae bonny was their blooming,
Their scent the air perfuming,
But now they are wither'd, and a' wede
away.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempests roaring before parting day;

I've seen Tweed's silver streams
Glittering in the sunny beams,
Grow drumlie and dark as they roll'd
on their way.

O, fickle Fortune!
Why this cruel sporting?
Why thus perplex us poor sons of a
day?

Thy frown cannot fear me,
Thy smile cannot cheer me,
Since the flowers of the forest are a'
wede away.

(Mrs. Cockburn.)

THE BRAES ABOON BONAW.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

“ Wilt thou go, my bonnie lassie,
Wilt thou go, my braw lassie,
Wilt thou go? say ay or no,
To the braes aboon Bonaw, lassie?
Tho' Donald hae nae mickle phraise,
Wi' Lawland speeches fine, lassie,
What he'll impart comes frae the heart,
Sae let it be frae thine, lassie.
Wilt thou go, &c.

“ When summer days cleed a' the braes,
Wi' blossom'd broom sae fine, lassie,
At milking sheel we'll join the reel,
My flocks shall a' be thine, lassie.
I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,
The ptarmigan sae shy, lassie;
For duck and drake I'll beat the brake,
Nae want shall thee come nigh, lassie.
Wilt thou go, &c.

“ For trout and par, wi' canny care,
I'll wiley skim the flie, lassie;
Wi' sic-like cheer I'll please my dear,
Then come awa' wi' me, lassie.”

“ Yes, I'll go, my bonnie laddie,
Yes, I'll go, my braw laddie;
Ilk joy and care wi' thee I'll share,
'Mang the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie.”

WE'VE A BONNY WEE FLOWER.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

We've a bonnie wee flower in a far
country,
In a bright and sunny bower in a far
country;
Where the sky is ever fair, and the
myrtle scents the air,
O, our lovely blossom's there, in a far
country!

May the angels watch the flower in a
far country,
And tent it every hour in a far countrie!
And the nightingale's soft sang, the
spicy groves amang,
It's slumbers shall prolong in a far
country.

There's gold to win and spare in a far
country,
And gems and jewels rare in a far
country;
But the brightest, purest gem, from a
fondly-cherish'd stem,
Is the flow'ret we could name in a far
country.

We may not cross the main to a far
countrie,
Nor traverse hill and plain to a far
countrie;
But when the primrose springs, and the
lintwhite sweetly sings,
O we'll welcome hame our flower from
a far countrie! (Gilfillan.)

WALY, WALY UP YON BANK.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

O waly, waly up yon bank,
And waly, waly down the brae;
And waly, waly you burnside,
Where I and my love wont to gae.
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree—
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
And sae my true-love did to me.

O waly, waly, but love is sweet
A little tyme while it is new;
But when it is auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the morning
dew.

O wherefore should I busk my head?
Or, wherefore should I kame my
hair?

For my true-love has me forsook,
And says, he'll never love me mair!

Now Arthur-seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by
me;
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true-love's forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the
tree?

O gentle death! when wilt thou come,
And tak a life that wearies me?

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear boddin grey, and a' that?
Gie fools their silk, and knaves their
wine,
A man's a man for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel shew, and a' that;
An honest man, though e'er so poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
A man o' independent mind
Can look and laugh at a' that!

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
An honest man's aboon his naight,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, for a' that,
His dignities and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
When sense and worth, o'er a' the
earth,
Shall bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a that,
When man and man, the wide world
o'er,
Shall brithers be, and a' that!

(Burns.)

MARY'S DREAM.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

The moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And, from the eastern summit, shed
Her silver light on tow'r and tree,—
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy, far at sea,
When, soft and low, a voice was heard,
Saying—"Mary, weep no more for
me!"

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to ask who there might
be?

She saw young Sandy, shiv'ring, stand,
With visage pale, and hollow ee!
"O, Mary, dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far, far from thee, I sleep in death:
So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
We toss'd upon the raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our strivings was in vain;

E'en then, when, horror chill'd my blood,
 My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
 The storm is past, and I at rest,—
 So, Mary, weep no more for me!
 "O, maiden dear, thyself prepare;
 We soon shall meet upon that shore
 Where love is free from doubt and care,
 And thou and I shall part no more!"
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see;
 But, soft, the passing spirit said,
 "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!" (J. Lowe.)

MY HIGHLAND LASSIE, O!

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
 Shall ever be my muse's care;
 Their titles a' are empty show;
 Gie me my Highland lassie, O!
 Within the glen sae bushy, O!
 Aboon the plain sae rushy, O!
 I set me down wi' right good will,
 To sing my Highland lassie, O!

Oh! were yon hills and vallies mine,
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine,
 The world then the love should know
 I bear my Highland lassie, O!

Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
 And I maun cross the raging sea;
 But, while my crimson currents flow,
 I'll love my Highland lassie, O!

Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
 I know her heart will never change;
 For her bosom burns with honor's glow,
 My faithful Highland lassie, O!

Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
 For her I'll trace a distant shore,
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw
 Around my Highland lassie, O!

Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
 By sacred truth and honor's band!
 Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
 I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O!

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!

Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!

To other lands I now must go,

To sing my Highland lassie, O!

(Burns.)

AWA', WHIGS, AWA'!

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Awa', Whigs, awa'! Awa', Whigs, awa'!

Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns, ye'll do nae guid at a'!

Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair
 and bonny bloom'd our roses,
 But Whigs came like a frost in June,
 and wither'd a' our posies!

Awa', Whigs, &c.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust,
 deil blind 'em wi' the stoure on't,
 And write their names in his black book
 wha gied the Whigs the power on't!
 Our sad decay in church and state sur-
 passes my descriving;

The Whigs cam owre us for a curse,
 and we bae done wi' thriving!

Awa', Whigs, &c.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
 but we may see him wauken;
 Gude help the day when royal heads
 are hunted like a maukin!

Awa', Whigs, awa', &c.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

The weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow;
 I think my wife will end her life
 Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint,
 As guid as e'er did grow;
 And a' that she has made o' that
 Is ae puir pund o' tow!

(Chorus)—The weary pund, &c.

There was a bottle in a hole,
 Ayont the ingle low;
 And ay she took the ither souk,
 To drouk the stourie tow.

Quoth I, 'For shame, ye dirty dame,
 Gae spin yer tap o' tow'
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock,
 She brak it owre my pow!

"If my wife and thy wife
 Were in a boat thegither,
 Sixty mile frae ony shore,
 Wi' nane to steer the rudder?"

"And if the boat was bottomless,
 And naebody to row?
 We ne'er would wish them back again,
 To spin the pickle tow!"

O, BOTHWELL BANK.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

O, Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair,
But, ah! thou mak'st my heart fu' sair;
For a' beneath thy woods sae green,
My love and I wad sat at e'en.
While daisies and primroses mix'd,
Wi' blue bells, in my locks he fix'd;
O, Bothwell bank, &c.

Sad he left me ae dreary day,
And haplie now sleeps in the clay;
Without ae sigh his death to moan,
Without a flow'r his grave to crown!
O whither is my lover gone?
Alas! I fear he'll ne'er return!
O, Bothwell bank, &c.

FYE, BUCKLE YER BELT.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

Fye, buckle yer belt an' braidsword on,
An' tak ye the haly rude;
And awa' to the clans, for they maun
rise,
To fight for their ain heart's bluid.
O there's a light on Benledi's tap!
It's a blythe, blythe light to me;
But there maun be mae to welcome
hame
Our Prince to his ain countrie.

Our guid auld wife has climb'd up the
hill,
An' a blythe auld bodie is she;
She has lighted a peat for Charlie's
sake,
An' merry we a' will be.
An' here's a sword, an' a trusty aue,
Wi' a trusty han' I'll draw;
It'll never be sheath'd, it'll never
wear rust,
Till we drive the Whigs awa'.

Then buckle, buckle, clansmen, an' on,
Our flags like our thistles wave;
Buckle, buckle, buckle, an' on
For Prince Charlie or a grave!
Charlie's baith our kith and kin',
An' by him we'll stand or fa';
Charlie claims but a kinsman's help,
On, on, my brave clansmen, a'!

WE'RE A' NODDIN.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
We're a' noddin, at our house at hame.

Gude e'en to you, Kimmer, and how do
ye do?

Hiccup—quo' Kimmer, the better that
I'm fou.

We're a' noddin, &c.

Kate sits i' the neuk, sippin' hen broo,
Deil take Kate, and she be na noddin
too!

We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer, and how do
ye fare?

A pint o' the best o't, and twa pints
mair.

We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer, and how
do ye thrive?

How mony bairns hae ye?—quo' Kim-
mer, I hae five.

We're a' noddin, &c.

Are they a' Johnny's?—Eh! atweel
na;

Twa o' them were gotten when Johnnie
was awa'.

We're a' noddin, &c.

Cats like milk weel, and dogs like broo,
Lads like lasses weel, and lasses lads
too.

We're a' noddin, &c.

HE'S OWRE THE HILLS THAT
I LO'E WEEI.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel,
He's owre the hills we darena name;
He's owre the hills ayont Dumblane,
Wha soon will get his welcome
hame.

My father's gane to fight for him;
My brithers winna bide at hame;
My mither greets, and prays for them,
An' deed she thinks they're na' to
blame.

He's owre the hills, &c.
The Whigs may scoff, and the Whigs
may jeer,
But, ah! that love maun be sincere,
Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
And for his sake leaves a' beside.

He's owre the hills, &c.
His right these hills, his right these
plains,
O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns;
What lads ere did, our laddies will do;
Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too!

He's owre the hills, &c.
 Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
 Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae
 fair;
 O, did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've
 done;
 Hear him but ance, to his standard ye'll
 run!

I AM AN AULD SODGER.

[Music—at Wybrow's]

I am an auld sodger just come frae
 the camp,
 And hame to the Highlands I am on the
 tramp;
 My heart it beats light when I think on
 the shiel
 Where I fed upon bannocks o' barley
 meal.

In the cause o' my country, (my breast's
 dearest wish,)
 For ten years and mair, I've had mony
 a brush;

Now peace has reliev'd me, and hame I
 shall reel,

To feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.
 A drap o' guid whisky, and Nancy my
 dear,
 An auld vet'r'an comrade to taste o' our
 cheer—

Will be a reward for my toils in the
 fiel',

Wi' plenty o' bannocks o' barley meal.

O' a our auld feats at our leisure we'll
 crack,

Syne cour down and sleep a' the night
 like a tap;

Baith care and its cankers may go to
 the deil,

If I hae good bannocks o' barley meal.

When cauld winter comes, and the
 winds rudely blaw,

And cleeds hill and valley, whiles knee-deep
 wi' snaw,

Wi' ease and content, I'm fu' snug in
 our shie

Thrang feasting on bannocks o' barley
 meal.

In simmer, when a the cauld blasts flee
 away,

I'll bask in the sun on the gowany
 brae;

Sometimes to the pipe may be shake
 my auld heel,

Syne feed upou bannocks o' barley
 meal.

GUID NIGHT, AND JOY BE
 WI' YOU A'.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

The night is my departing night,
 The morn's the day I maun awa',
 There's na' a friend or fae o' mine
 But wishes that I were awa'.
 What I hae done for lack o' wit,
 I never, never can rec'a';
 I trust ye're a' my friends as yet;
 Guid night, and joy be wi' ye a'!

Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu,
 Dear britherers o' the sacred tie!
 Ye favor'd, ye enlighten'd few,
 Companions o' my grief and joy!
 Tho' I to distant lands must hie,
 Pursuing Fortune's slippery ba',
 Wi' melting heart, and brimsu' ee,
 I'll mind ye still, tho' far awa'.

And you, farewell, whose merits claim
 The brilliant badges that ye wear,
 Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble name
 To friendship and to Scotland dear.
 A last request permit me here,
 As oft as ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it wi' a tear,
 To him—the bard that's far awa'!

(Burns.)

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's]

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin' through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry?
 Ilka body has a body,
 Ne'er aane hae I;
 But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
 And what the waur am I?

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin' frae the well,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body tell?
 Ilka body, &c.

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin' frae the town,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body frown?
 Ilka Jenny has her Jockie, &c.

LEWIE GORDON.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

O, send Lewie Gordon hame,
 And the lad I darena hame;

Though his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'.
O hon, my Highland man!
O my bonnie Highland man!
Weel wad I my true-love ken
Amang ten thousand Highland men.

O, to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philibeg aboon his knee;
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
O hon, &c.

This lovely youth of whom I sing,
Is fittit for to be a king;
On his breast he wears a star,
You'd take him for the God of War.
O hon, &c.

Oh! to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne,
Disasters a' wad disappear;
Then begins the jubilee year.
O hon, &c.

PRINCE CHARLIE'S LAST VIEW OF SCOTLAND.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

Farewell to thee, Scotland, thy verdure
is blighted,
Thy daisies are steep'd in the blood
of the slain;
And I, who thy wrongs with the sword
would have righted,
Am toss'd, like a fugitive serf, on the
main!
Impell'd to pursuit, by gold and by
vengeance,
My foemen are swift as the storm-
driven rack;
From the fierce brutal tribes they've
selected their engines;
The beagles and blood-hounds are
scenting my track.
Farewell to thee, Scotland! thy hills
are receding,
So minions and blood-hounds can
track as they may;
But my heart, to its centre, is wound-
ed and bleeding
For thousands who fell on Culloden's
dark day!

The hill-fox's howl, and the lorn widow's
wailing,
Commingle at midnight, 'midst tem-
pest and rain;
And the red mountain streamlet, by
smouldering shieling,
Brawl fiercely, and hoarsely, the
dirge of the slain.

The chieftains and heroes, who follow'd
my banner,
Are pining in dungeons, and bleaching
on walls;
Or, stripp'd of their all, saving con-
science and honour,
The grass growing rank on their
hearts and their halls.
Farewell to thee, Scotland! thy loftiest
mountain
Is fading, and blending with ocean
and sky;
I groan—for my tears are dried up at
the fountain;
A wand'rer I've liv'd, and a wand'rer
I'll die! (Vedder.)

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports
past;
Thy image at our last embrace;—
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!
Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'-
ning, green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn boar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptured
scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.
Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry
wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels, deeper
wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
breast? (Burns.)

A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lawland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithful to his clan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman!

CHORUS.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman!

With his philibeg and tartan plaid,
And guid claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman!

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearl-draps ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman!

(Burns.)

MY JO JANET.

“ Sweet sir, for yer courtesie,
When ye come by the Bass, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking-glass, then.”
“ Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet;
And there ye'll see yer bonny sel,
My jo Janet.”

“ Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I should fa' in?
Syne a' my kin will say and swear
I drown'd mysel for sin.”
“ Had the better be the brae,
Janet, Janet;
Had the better be the brae,
My jo Janet.”

“ Good sir, for your courtesie,
Comin' thro' Aberdeen, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair o' shoon, then.”
“ Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
Ae pair may gain ye hauf a year,
My jo Janet.”

“ But what, if dancing on the green,
And skipping like a maukin,
If they should see my clouted shoon,
Of me they will be taukin.”
“ Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet;
Syne a' their faults will na' be seen,
My jo Janet.”

“ Kind sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the cross, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing-horse, then.”
“ Pace upo' yer spinning-wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' yer spinning-wheel,
My jo Janet.”

“ My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't winna stand, sir;
To keep the temper-pin in till,
Employs aft my hand, sir.”
“ Make the best o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But, like it, never wale a man,
My jo Janet.”

THE WELCOME O' THE LILY FLOWER.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

After sighing, I hope to sing;
And after winter then comes the spring;
And after the spring comes the merry
month of May,
To welcome in the lilye flower that's
been sae lang away.

And there will be lilting frae hill to
hill,
And there will be music baith loud and
shill;
And a' the little birdies that sing sae
sweet in May,
Will welcome in the lilye flower that's
been sae lang away.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O!

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Will ye gang o'er the lee rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!
And cuddle there fu' kindly,
Wi' me, my kind dearie, O?
At thorny dyke or birken tree,
We'll daff, and never weary, O!
They'll scug ill een frae you and me,
My ain kind deary, O!

Nae herd wi' kent or colly there,
Shall ever come to fear ye, O!
But lav'rocks, whistling in the air,
Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O!
While ithers herd their lambs and
ewes,
And toil for worldly gear, my jo!
Upon the lee my pleasure grows
Wi' thee, my ain kind dearie, O!

At gloamin, if my lane I be,
 Oh ! but I'm wond'rous eerie, O !
 And mony a heavy sigh I gie,
 When absent frae my dearie, O !
 But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,
 In evening fair and clearie, O ,
 Enraptur'd, a' my cares I scorn,
 When wi' ain my kind dearie, O !

Where through the birk's the burnie rows,
 Aft hae I sat fu' cheerie, O ,
 Upon the bonny greensward howes,
 Wi' thee, my ain kind dearie, O !
 I've courted till I heard the craw
 Of honest Chanticleerie, O ;
 Yet never miss'd my sleep ava,
 When wi' my ain kind dearie, O !

For though the night were ne'er sae dark,
 And I were ne'er so wearie, O ;
 I'd meet thee on the lee rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O !
 While in this weary wold of woe,
 This wilderness sae drearie, O ,
 What makes me blythe, and keeps me sae ?
 'Tis thee, my ain kind dearie, O !

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

[Music—Cramer, Addison, & Beale's.]

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry,
 And I'll give thee a silver pound,
 To row us o'er the ferry."
 " Now, who be ye, would cross Loch-gyle,
 This dark and stormy water?"
 " Ob, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this, Lord Ullin's daughter :
 " And fast before her father's men,
 Three days we've fled together,
 For, should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather;
 His horsemen hard behind us ride,
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who would cheer my bonny bride,
 When they have slain her lover?"
 Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
 " I'll go, my chief—I'm ready ;
 It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady :
 And by my word, the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry,
 So—the waves are raging white—
 I'll row you o'er the ferry!"

By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking,
 And, in the scowl of Heaven, each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking ;
 But still as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 A-down the glen rode armed men,
 Their trampling sounded nearer !

" Oh, baste thee, baste!" the lady cries—
 " Though tempests round us gather,
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father!"
 The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,
 When oh ! (too strong for human hand !)
 The tempest gather'd o'er her !

And still they row'd, amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing,
 Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
 His wrath was chang'd to wailing ;
 For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,

His child he did discover :
 One lovely arm was stretch'd for aid,
 And one was round her lover !

" Come back ! come back !" he cried
 in grief,
 " Across this stormy water,
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 " My daughter !—oh, my daughter !"
 'Twas vain !—the loud waves lash'd the shore,
 Return or aid preventing ;
 The waters wild went o'er his child—
 And he was left lamenting !

(Campbell.)

MY NANNIE, O !

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang muirs and mosses many, O ;
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa to Nannie, O !
 The westlin' wind blaws loud and shill,
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
 But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
 And owre the hills to Nannie, O !
 My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O ;
 May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O !

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O!

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few there be?
I'm welcome, ay, to Nannie, O!
My riches a's my penny fee,
And I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warly gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O!

Our auld gudeman delights to view
His sleep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his
pleugh,
And has nae care but Nannie, O!
Come weel, come wo, I care na' by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Naeither care in life have I,
But live, and love my Nannie, O!

(Burns.)

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

[Music—at Hawes's.]

O were I able to rehearse
My ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw.

CHORUS.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Well deserv'd baith grass and corn;
Sic an ewie ne'er was born,
Hereabouts, or far awa'.

I neither needed tar nor keil,
To mark her on her hip or heel,
Her crooked horn it did as weel,
To ken her by among them a'.

I look'd aye at even for her,
For fear the fumart might devour her,
Or some mishanter had come o'er her,
If the beastie bade awa'.

Yet Monday last, for a' my keeping,
(I canna speak it without mourning.)
A villain came when I was sleeping,
An' staw my ewie, horn, and a'.

I sought her sair upon the morn,
And down beneath a bush o' thorn,
I found my ewie's crooked horn,
But ah! my ewie was awa'!

O, all ye bards beneath kinghorn,
Ca' up your muses, let them mourn;
Our ewie wi' the crooked horn
Is stown frae us, and fell'd, and a'!

WHA'LL BUY CALLER HERRING?

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Wha'll buy caller herring?
They're bonny fish, and halesome farin',
Wha'll buy caller herring?
Now drawn frae the Forth.
When ye were sleeping on your pillows,
Dream'd ye aught of our puir fellows,
Darkling, as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?
Buy my caller herring! &c.
Wha'll buy my caller herring?
They're na' brought here without brave daring;
Buy my caller herring!
Ye little ken their worth;
Wha'll buy my caller herring?
O, ye may call them vulgar farin',
Wives and mithers, maist desparing,
Ca' them lives o' men.

Wha'll buy my caller herring?
They're bonny fish, and halesome farin',
Wha'll buy caller herring,
Just haul'd thro' wind and rain?
O, a' our lads at herring-fishing,
Costly vamparam, dinner dressin',
Sole nor turbot, how distressin'!
Fine folk oft scorn shoals o' blessin';
Buy my caller herring!
Tho' ye may ca' them vulgar farin',
Buy my caller herring,
Just haul'd thro' wind and rain.

Wha'll buy my caller herring?
But what they've cost ye're little carin',
Buy my caller herring?
That's aye the puir man's friend;
Wha'll buy my caller herring?
But what they've cost ye're little carin',
Siller canna pay for the lives o' honest men.

THE BRAW, BRAW LADS O' GALLA WATER.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I love him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I ha'e nae meikle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That cost contentment, peace, or
pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love—
O that's the chiefest warly treasure!
(Burus.)

WIDOW, ARE YE WAKIN?

[Music—at D’Almaine & Mackinlay’s.]

“ O! wha’s that at my chamber-door?”
“ Fair widow, are ye wakin?”
“ Auld carl, your wily suit give o'er,
Your love lies a’ in taukin.”
“ Gie me a lad that’s young and tight,
Sweet like an April meadow;
‘Tis sic as he can bless the sight
And bosom of a widow.”

“ O! widow, wilt thou let me in?
I’m pawky, wise, and thrifty,
And come of a right gentle kin;
I’m little mair than fifty.”
“ Daft carl, dit you your mouth,
What signifies how pawky,
Or gentle born you be,—bot yonth?
In love you’re but a gawkey.”

“ Then, widow, let these guineas speak,
That powerfully plead clinkan;
And if they fail, my mouth I’ll steek,
And na mair love will think on.”
“ These court, indeed, I maun confess;
I think they make you young, sir,
And ten times better can express
Affection than your tongue, sir.”

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW’S LAMENT.

[Music—at Leoni Lee’s.]

Oh! I am come to the Low countrie,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Without a penny in my purse
To buy a meal to me.

It was nae sae in the Highland hills,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me!

For then I had a score o’ kye,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Feeding on yon hill sae high,
And bringing milk to me:

And there I had threescore o’ ewes,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Skipping on yon bonny knowes,
And casting woo’ to me.

I was the happiest o’ the clan,
Sair, sair, may I repine;
For Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie he came owre at last,
Sae far, to set us free;
My Donald’s arm was wanted then,
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu’ fate what need I tell;
Right to the wrang did yield;
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden field!

Ochon, ochon! oh, Donald, oh!
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Nae woman in this warld sae wide
Sae wretched now as me!

AULD ROB MORRIS.

[Music—at Monro & May’s.]

There’s auld Rob Morris that wons in
yon glen,
He’s the king o’ guid fellows, and wale
o’ auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has
owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and
mine.

She’s fresh as the morning, the fairest
in May,
She’s sweet as the e’ning amang the
new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lamb
on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my
ee.

But, O she’s an heiress! auld Robin’s a
laird;
And my daddie has nought but a cot-
house and yard;
A wooper, like me, mauna hope to come
speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon
be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings
me name;
The night comes to me, but my rest it
is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled
ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in
my breast.

O, had she but been of lower degree,
I then might ha' hoped she wad smile
upon me!
O, how past describing had then been
my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can
express. (Burns.)

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Up amang yon cliffty rocks,
Sweetly rings the rising echo,
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes:
Hark! she sings, " Young Sandy's kind,
An' he promis'd aye to lo'e me;
Here's a brotch I ne'er shall tine,
Till he's fairly married to me:
Drive away, ye drone, Time,
An' bring about our bridal day.

* Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
Aften does he blow the whistle
In a strain sae castly sweet,
Lammies, listening, darena bleat.
He's as nimble as the roe,
Hardy as the Highland heather;
Wading thro' the winter snaw,
Keeping a' his flocks thegither:
Wi' a plaid o' tartan blue,
He braves the bleakest norland blast.

* Brawly he can dance, and sing
Canty glee or Highland cronach;
Nane can ever match his fling
At a reel, or round a ring.
Wightly can he wield a rung,
In a brawl hé's aye the bangster;
A' his praise can ne'er be sung
By the langest-winded sangster.
Sangs that sing o' Sandy braw,
Seem short, tho' they were e'er sae
lang.

THE MILL, MILL, O.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

When wild war's deadly blast was
blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning;
I left the lines aуд tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor, but honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;

And for fair Scotia hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthfu' fancy.
At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted;
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my ee was swelling.
Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, " Sweet
lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may be he,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang,
Tak pity on a sodger!"
Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, " A soldier ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hameley fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."
She gaz'd—she redd'n'd like a rose—
Syne pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
" Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
* By him who made yon sun and sky
By whom true-love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.
" The wars are o'er, and I'm come
hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted."
Quo' she, " My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!"
For gold the merchant ploughs the
main,
The farmer ploughs the maner;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour;
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

(Burns.)

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

RECITATIVE.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the
kye come hame,
And a' the weary waird asleep is gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers
frae my ee,
While my gudeman sleeps sound by
me.

AIR.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and ask'd
me for his bride,
(But saving a crown) he had naething
else beside;
To mak the crown a pound, my Jamie
went to sea,
And the crown and the pound were
baith for me.
He had nae been gane a year and a day,
When my father brak his arm—and
our cow was stown away;
My mither she fell sick, and Jamie was
at sea,
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courtin'
to me.
My father could na' work, and my
mither could na' spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I
could na' win;
Auld Rob fed 'em baith, and wi' tears
in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, for their sake, oh! pray
marry me!"
My heart it said na', for I look'd for
Jamie back,
But the wind it blew hard, and his ship
was a wrack:
His ship was a wrack! why did na'
Jenny dee?
And why was I spared to cry out, Wae
is me!
My father urg'd me sair, my mither did
na' speak,
But she look'd i' my face till my heart
was like to break;
Sae they gied him my hand, while my
heart was on the sea,
And Auld Robin Gray was gudeman to
me.
I had nae been a wife, but weeks only
four,
When mournfully I sat on the stane at
the door—
I saw my Jamie's wraith, I could nae
think it be,
Till he said, "Love, I've come hame to
marry thee."

Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did
we say,
We took but ane kiss, and tore our-
sels away;
I wish that I were dead, but I'm nae
like to dee;
O, why was I born to say—Wae is me!
I gang like a ghaist, I canna like to
spin;
I dare na' think of Jamie, for that
would be a sin:
But I'll even do my best a gude wife to
be,
While Auld Robin Gray is gudeman to
me!

(Lady A. Lindsay.)

JENNY AND JAMIE;

(A Continuation of "Auld Robin Gray.")

The winter days grew lang, my tears
they were a' spent,
(May be it was despair—I fancied 'twas
content.)
They said my cheek was wan, I could
na' look to see,
For oh! the wee bit glass, my Jamie
gied it me!
My father he was sad, my mither dull
and wae,
But that which griev'd me maist, it was
Auld Robin Gray:
Though ne'er a word he spak, his cheek
said mair than a'—
It wasted like a brae o'er which the
torrents fa'!

He gaed into his bed, nae physic wad he
take,
And aft he moan'd, and said, "Tis bet-
ter for her sake;"
At length he look'd upon me, and call'd
me his "ain dear,"
And beckon'd round the neebours as if
his hour drew near;
"I've wrang'd her sair," he said, "but
ken't the truth owre late,
It's grief for that alone that hastens now
my date;
But ah! it's for the best, sin' death will
shortly free
A young and faithfu' heart that ill was
match'd wi' me.
"I lov'd, and sought to win her, for
mony a lang day,
I had her parents' favour, yet still she
said me nay;
I knew na' Jamie's love, and oh! it's
sair to tell—
To force her to be mine, I steal'd her
cow mysel.

Oh! what cared I for crummie? I
thought of nought but thee!
I thought it was the cow that stood
'twixt luv and me;
While she maintain'd ye a', was ye not
heard to say,
That ye wad never marry wi' Auld
Robin Gray?

"But sickness in the house, and hunger
at the door,
My bairn gied me her hand, altho' her
heart was sair;
I saw her heart was sair, why did I tak
her hand?
That was a sinsu' deed to blast a bonnie
land.
It was na' very lang ere a' did come to
light,
For Jamie he came back, and Jenny's
cheek grew white;
My spouse's cheek grew white, but true
she was to me,
Jenny, I saw it a', and I am glad to
dee;—

"Is Jamie come?" he said, and Jamie
by us stood;
"Ye love each other weel—oh, let me
do some guid:
I gie ye a', young man—my housen,
cattle, kyne,
And the dear wife hersel, that should
na hae been mine."
We kiss'd his clay-cold hands—a smile
came owre his face,
"He's pardoned," Jamie said, "before
the throne o' grace;
O, Jenny, see that smile! forgien, I'm
sure, is he,—
Wha could wi'stand temptation when
hoping to win thee?"

The days at first were dowie; but what
was sad and sair,
While tears were in my ee, I ken't
mysel nae mair;
For oh, my heart was light as ony bird
that flew,
And wae as a' thing was, it had a kindly
hue.
But sweeter shines the sun than e'er he
shone before,
For now I'm Jamie's wife, and what
need I say more?
We hae a wee bit bairn, the auld folks
by the fire,
And Jamie, oh, he loe's me, up to my
heart's desire.

(Lady A. Barnard.)

THOU'L'T BE AYE MY DEARIE.

[Music—at Paterson & Roy's.]

Give me but thy love, and I
Envy none beneath the sky;
Toils and moils gae lightly by,
If thy smiling cheer me:
Were thy hand but mine, my sweet;
All my wishes were complete;
Pleasures come, and cares retreat,
When my Mary's near me.

Mary, twa lang years hae flown
Since yon second-sighted crone
Tauld that you should be my own—
Mind ye o' that noo, love?
Why then should we langer wait,
Ye be coy, or I be blate?
Life's best joys lie in the gait,
And round the hearth of true-love.

Underneath ae shepherd's plaid,
Twa wee bairns, to school we gaed,
And at gloamin hame we stray'd,
Owre each bank and brae, then;
Pawky blue were aye your een,
Twelve lang years since we hae seen,
Mind ye, lass, ye're noo nineteen,—
Dinna say me nay then.

Simmer now has stown away,
Lanesome night shuts out the day,
Cranreuch cleeds at morn the brae,
Winter's lang and eerie:
Come, then, be my bonny bride;
Come, and cheer my ingle side;
Weal or woe, whate'er betide,
Thou'l't be aye my dearie.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

And O, for ane and twenty, Tam!
And hey sweet ane and twenty,
Tam!

I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An' I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me
down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;
But three short years will soon wheel
roun',
And then comes ane and twenty,
Tam!
(Chorus)—And O, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a clant o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam
At kith or kin I needna spier,
Gin I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loaf,
I'm thine at aye and twenty, Tam.
(Burns.)

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

Harken, and I will tell you how
Young Muirland Willie came to woo,
Though he could neither say nor do,
The truth I tell to you.
"But ay," he cries, "whate'er betide,
Maggy I'se hae to be my bride."
(Chorus)—Fal fal, &c.

On his gray yade as he did ride,
Wi' durk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er you muir,
Till he came to her daddie's door.

"Gudeman," quoth he, "be ye within?
I'm come your daughter's love to win;
I care na' for making meikle din;

What answer gie ye me?"

"Now, woooer," quoth he, "would ye
light down,
I'll gie ye my daughter's love to win.

"Now, woooer, sin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what town?
I think my daughter winna gloom

On sic a lad as ye."

The woooer he stopt up to the house,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse.

"I have three owsen in a plough,
Twa good gaun yades, 'and gear
enough;

The place they ca' it Cadeneugh;
I scorn to tell a lie:

Besides, I hae, frae the great laird,
A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard!"

The maid pat on her kirtle brown,
She was the bravest in a' the town;
I wat on him she did na' gloom,

But blink it bonnie lie.

The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waste.

"To win your love, maid, I'm come
here;

I'm young, and hae enough o' gear;
And for mysel you need na' fear,

Troth try me whan ye like."

He took aff his baninet, and spat in his
chow,

He dighted his gab, and he prie'd her
mou.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' la',
She had na' will to say him na',
But to her daddie she left it a',
As they twa could agree.
The lover he gied her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her daddie, and tell'd him
this.

"Your doghter wad na' say me na'
But to yoursel she has left it a',
As we cou'd 'gree between us twa;

Say, what'll ye gie me wi' her?"

"Now, woooer," quo' he, "I hae nae
meikle,
But sic's I hae ye'se get a pickle.

"A kilnsu' of corn I'll gie to thee,
Three soums of sheep, twa good milk
kye,

Ye's hae the wadding dinner free;

Troth I dow do na' mair."

"Content," quo' he, "a bargain be't;
I'm far frae hame, mak haste, let's
do't."

The bridal-day it cam to pass,
Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass;
But sicken a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked hands,
Mess John tied up the marriage bands.

And our bride's maidens were na' few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew;
Frae tap to tae they were braw new,
And blink it bonnilie.

Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
They glanced in a' our lades' een.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
Wi' be o'er her, and she o'er him;
The minstrels they did never blin

Wi' meikle mirth and glee.

And ay they bobit, and ay they bekt,
And ay their wames together met.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

O meikle thinks my luv o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luv o' my
kin;

But little thinks my love I ken brawlie,
My tocher's the jewel has charms for
him.

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the
tree;

It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the
bee;

My laddie's sae meikle in luv wi' the
siller,

He canna hae luv to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airl-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad bny;
But an' ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me. (Burns.)

DINNA FORGET!

[Music—at Paterson & Roy's.]

O, "Dinna forget!" 'tis the voice of a spell,
Charming up thoughts of fond lovers' farewell;
And heaving the heart, with remember'd regret,
Love's parting wish and words, "Dinna forget!"
As breathes the bright shell of its own native sea,
These words ever murmur of Mary to me;
Of the burn where sae aft in the gloamin we sat,
And the beach where we parted, wi' "Dinna forget!"

'Tis the music of mem'ry—it comes in mine ear,
And brings the past present—the far-distant near;
I see her pale cheek wi' the parting tear wet,
I hear her salt voice whisper, "Dinna forget!"
The birth of the flowers that spangle the spring,
The wild glen—the greenwood where simmer birds sing,
Recall scenes and moments of bliss when we met—
Repeat her last warning words, "Dinna forget!"

I hear, thro' the hush of the eve's starry hour,
In the murmuring brook, in the whispering bower,
In the cushat-dove's coo when the sun-beams have set,
The echo of long ago, "Dinna forget!"
By the tears of our parting, that flow'd big and fast,
By the pain of the present the thoughts of the past,—

By the hopes of the future, whatever beset,
Shall prosper her prayer of "Dinna forget!" (J. Inglah.)

TOUCH NOT THE NETTLE.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

Touch not the nettle, lest it should sting thee;
Waly sae green as the bracken grows;
Love not the lad that ye canna win,
For the bands o' love they are ill to loose.
Love smiles sweetly in youth's early morning;
Waly sae green as the bracken grows;
But aft has he varied from kindness to scorning,
Tho' the bands o' love they are ill to loose.
See how the green leaves in summer drop round ye,
And sear, sear in Autumn the bracken grows;
Then trust not Love's smiles, and his frowns cannot wound ye,
For the bands o' love they are ill to loose.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me,
Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded, never move her;
The bonny bush aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I first did love her.
That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I tried to sooth an am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll aye remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

(Crawford.)

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

[Music—Cramer, Addison, & Beale's.]

The winter it is past,
And the summer's come at last,
And the small birds sing on every
tree;
The hearts of those are glad,
But mine is very sad,
For my true-love has parted from me.

The rose upon the brier,
By the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or
the bee;
Their little loves are blest,
And their little hearts at rest,
But my true-love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun,
That in the firmament does run,
For ever so constant and true;
But his is like the moon,
That wanders up and down,
And every month is new.

All you that are in love,
And cannot it remove,
I pity the pains you endure;
For experience makes me know
That your hearts are full of woe,
A woe that no mortal can cure.

(Burns.)

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

I sigh and lament me in vain,
These walls can but echo my moan,
Alas! it increases my pain,
When I think of the days that are
gone.
Through the grate of my prison I see
The birds, as they wanton in air;
My heart how it pants to be free,
My looks they are wild with despair.

Above, though oppress by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes;
Though Fortune has altered my state,
She ne'er can subdue me to those:
False woman! in ages to come,
Thy malice detested shall be,
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart will still sorrow for me.

Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay
With silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless passes the day,
How sad tolls the evening bell!
The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow winds seem to murmur
around!
'O Mary! prepare thee to die!'
My blood it runs chill at the sound.

TARRY WOO'.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Tarry woo', O tarry woo',
Tarry woo' is ill to spin;
Card it weel, O card it weel,
Card it weel ere ye begin;
When it's carded, row'd, and spun,
Then the work is haftins done;
But when woven, drest, and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.

Sing, my bonny, harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly as ye go,
Thro' the winter's frost and snow!
Hart and hind, and fallow-deer,
Na' by hauf sae usefu' are;
Frae kings to him that hauds the pleugh,
A' are obliged to tarry woo'.

Up, ye shepherds! dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip;
Sing in praise o' tarry woo',
Sing the flocks that bear it too;
Harmless creatures, without blame,
That clead the back, and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fu',
Lelze me on the tarry woo'.

Now happy is the shepherd's life,
Far frae courts and free o' strife,
While the gimmers bleat and baa,
And the lambkins answer mae.
No such music to his ear;
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and colly too,
Weel defend the tarry woo'.

He lives content, and envies none,
Not e'en a monarch on his throne;
Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,
Has not sweeter holidays.

Wha'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a shepherd sings sae well?
Sings sae well, and pays his due,
Wi' honest heart and tarry woo'.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam in wi' rowth o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear;
But woman is but warly gear,
Sae let the bonnie lassie gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind—
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind;
O woman lovely, woman fair!
An angel form's faun to thy share;
'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair,
I mean—an angel mind. (Burns.)

LOCH ERROCH SIDE.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

As I cam by Loch Erroch side,
The lofty hills surveying,
The water clear, the heather blooms,
Their fragrance sweet conveying—
I met, unsought, my lovely maid,
I found her like May morning,
With graces sweet, and charms so rare,
Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,
While in my arms I press'd her!
And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,
As fondly I caress'd her.
She said, "If that your heart be true,
If constantly you'll love me,
I heed not cares nor fortune's frowns,
For nought but death shall move me.

* But faithful, loving, true, and kind,
For ever you shall find me,
And of our meeting here so sweet
Loch Erroch side will mind me.*
Enraptur'd then, "My lovely lass,"
I cried, "no more we'll tarry,
But leave the fair Loch Erroch side,
For lovers soon should marry."

MAGGY O' BUCCLEUCH

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

O cam ye thro' the forests green,
By Yarrow's mountains wild an' blue?
O saw ye beauty's rural queen,
The bonny Maggy o' Buccleuch?
For Maggy is the bonniest flower
On Yarrow braes that ever grew,
That ever grac'd a vernal bower,
Or frae the gowan brush'd the dew.
But oh! it's na' her comely face,
Nor blink o' joy that's in her ee,
Nor her enchanting form o' grace,
That mak's the lassie dear to me;
Na', na', it's not the cherry lip,
The rosy cheek an' lily chin,
Which the wild bee wad like to sip,—
'Tis the sweet soul that dwells within.

I hae been up the cauld rife north,
'Mang hills an' dells o' frozen brine,
As far as reels the rowin earth,
An' far ayont the burning line;
But a' the lasses e'er I saw,
For modest mien an' lovely hue,
There was na' ane amang them a',
Like bonny Maggy o' Buccleuch.

(Hogg.)

COME, GANG AWA' WI' ME.

[Music—at Ransford's.]

O come, my love, the moon shines bright
Across yon rippling sea;
Come, let thy heart be gay and light,
And hasten, love, wi' me.
'Tis mony a night sin' first we met
Beneath the greenwood tree;
Then let thy heart be lighter yet,
Come, gang awa' wi' me.

O tarry not, my only love,
I've pledg'd myself to thee;
And by yon stars that shine above,
For ever thine I'll be.
'Tis mony a night sin' first we met
Beneath the greenwood tree,
Then say, ere yonder stars have set,
Thou'l gang awa' wi' me.

Thy features are sae fair, my love,
Thy mind is ever free,
O let thy willing heart still prove
The love thou bear'st to me.
'Tis mony a night sin' first we met
Beneath the greenwood tree,
Then say, ere yonder stars have set,
'I'll gaang awa' wi' thee.'

(E. Ransford.)

BIDE YE YET.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Gin I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire,
 A bonnie wee wife to praise and admire—
 A bonnie wee yardy, aside a wee burn—
 Farewell to the bodies that yammer and mourn !

CHORUS.

Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
 Ye little ken what may betide ye yet;
 Some bonny wee body may be my lot,
 And I'll aye be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang a-field, and come hame at e'en,
 I'll see my wee wifee su' neat and fu' clean;
 And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her wee knee,
 And baith gie a hearty gude welcome to me.

And if there should happen ever to be
 A difference atween my wee wifee and me,
 In hearty guid humour, altho' she be teaz'd,
 I'll kiss her and bug her until she be pleas'd !

THERE WAS A LASS.

There was a lass, and she was fair,
 At kirk' and market to be seen,
 When a' the fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
 And ay she sang sae merrilie;
 The blithe bird upon the bush
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
 And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the bravest lad,
 The flower and pride o' a' the glen;
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
 And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
 He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream
 The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;

So trembling, pure, was tender love,
 Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she warks her mammie's wark,
 And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;
 Yet wist na' what her ail might be,
 Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na' Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And did na' joy blink in her ee,
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
 Ae e'enig on the lily lea ?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love :

* O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
 O canst thou think to fancy me?
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

* At barn or byre thou shalt na' drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee;
 But stray amang the heather-bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me."

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
 She had nae will to say him na';
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
 And love was ay between them twa.

(Burns.)

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard of a litling
 At our ewes' milking,
 Lasses a' litling before the break o' day;
 But now there's a moaning
 On ilka green loaning,
 That our braw foresters are a' wede away.

At buights in the morning
 Nae blithe lads are scorning,
 The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
 Nae daffing, nae gabbing,
 But sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and lies her away.

At e'en in the gloamin,
 Nae swankies are roaming,
 Mang stacks with the lasses at bogles to play,
 But ilk ane sits dreary,
 Lamenting her dreary;
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

At hairst at the shearing
 Nae younkers are jeering,
 The bansters are runcl'd, lyart, un' grey;

At fairs, or at preaching,
Nae wooing, nae fleeching,
Since our braw foresters are a' wede
away.

O dool for the order,
Sent our lads to the border,
The English for ance by guile gat the
day;

The flowers of the forest,
That ay shone the foremost,
The prime of our land lies cauld in the
clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting
At our ewes' milking,
The women and bairns are dowie and
wae,
Sighing and moaning,
On ilka green loaning,
Since our braw foresters are a' wede
away.

DUNCAN GRAY.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Duncan Gray came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blithe Yule night when we were
fu',
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, &c.

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan sighed baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowping o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, &c.,

Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, &c.

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty bizzie dee?
She may go to—France for me!

Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, &c.

Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, &c.

Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And, O! her een they spak such
things!

Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, &c.
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan could na' be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
Ha, ha, &c. (Burns.)

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW.

[Music—at Hawes's.]

As I came down the Cannon-gate,
The Cannon-gate, the Cannon-gate—
As I came down the Cannon-gate,
I heard a lassie, sing, O!
Merry may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
The ship that my love's in, O!

My love has breath o' roses,
O' roses, o' roses—
Wi' arms o' lilie posies,
To fauld a lassie in, O!
Merry may, &c.

My love be wears a bonnet,
A bonnet, a bonnet—
A snawy rose upon it,
A dimple on his chin, O!
Merry may, &c.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

(Air—“Farewell to Banff.”)

'Twaseven—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang;
The Zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets alang.
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless steps I onwards stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
‘Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!’

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild,
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wandering in a lonely wild;
But woman, nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile:
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bouny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been the country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Though shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain;
Through weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture I would toil,
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep,
Where fame and honors lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward sink the Indian mine.
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine
Wi' the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.
(Burns.)

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

It was about the Martinmas time,
(Aud a guid time it was then, O.)
When our guidwife had paddings to make,
And she boil'd them in the pan, O.

The wind it blew baith cauld and raw,
And it blew into the floor, O;
Quoth our guidman to our guidwife,
"Get up and bar the door, O."
"My hand is in my hussy-f-skap,
Guidman, as ye may see, O;
Shou'd it nae be barr'd this hunder year,
It's nae be barr'd for me, O."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure, O,
That the first of them that spoke a word,
Should rise and bar the door, O.

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night, O,
And they could see nor house nor ha',
Nor coal nor candle light, O.

"Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is't a poor, O?"
But never a word wad aye o' them speak,
For barring o' the door, O.

Then first they ate the white puddings,
And syne they ate the black, O;
Though muckle thought the guidwife to hersel',
Yet ne'er a word she spak, O.

Then said the one unto the other,—
"Here, man, tak ye my knife, O;
Do you tak off the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the guidwife, O"

"But there's nae water in the house',
And what shall we do then, O?"
"What ails ye at the pudding-bree,
That boils into the pan, O?"

O, up then started our guidman,
(An angry man was he, O);
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scald me wi' pudding-bree, O?"

O, up then started our guidwife,
Gied three skips on the floor, O;
"Guidman, you've spoke the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door, O!"

THE POSIE.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

O love will venture in where it dare na' weel be seen,
O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;
But the sangster's nest within the bush I winna tak away;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the evening star is near,
And the diamond-drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May. (Burns.)

AULD GUDEMAN, YE'RE A DRUNKEN CARLE.

"Auld gudeman, ye're a drunken carle, drunken carle,
A' the lang day ye wink and drink, and gape and gaunt;
O' sottish loons ye're the pink an' pearl, pink an' pearl,
Ill-fared, doited, ne'er-do-weel."

"Hech, gudewife! ye're a flytin' body, flytin' body;
Will ye hae, but, gude be praised, the wit ye want,
The puttin' cow should be aye a doddy, aye a doddy,
Make na sic an awsome reel."

"Ye're a sow, auld man,
Ye get fou, auld man,
Fye for shame, auld man,
To your wame, auld man,
Pinched I win, wi' spinnin' tow
A plack to cleed your back and pow.'

"It's a lie, gudewife,
It's your tea, gudewife,
Na, na, gudewife,
Ye spend a', gudewife;
Dinna fa' on me pell-mell,
Ye like the drap fu' weel yoursel'."

"Ye's rue, auld gowk, your jest and frolic, jest and frolic,
Dare ye say, goose, I ever liked to tak a drappy?
An' 'twerna just for to cure the cholic, cure the cholic,
Deil a drap wad meet my mou."

* Troth, gudewife, an' ye wadna swither, wadna swither,
Soon, soon to tak a cholic, when it brings a drap o' cappy,

But twa score years we have fought thegither, fought thegither,
Time it is to gree, I trow."

"I'm wrang, auld John,
Owre lang, auld John,
For nougat, gude John,
We hae fought, gude John;
Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,
We're far owre feckless, now to fight."

"Ye're right, gude Kate,
The night, gude Kate,
Our cup, gude Kate,
We'll sup, gude Kate;
Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,
And toom the stoup atween us twa!"
(Sir A. Boswell.)

THE BONNETS OF BLUE.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Here's a health to them that's awa';
Here's a health to them that's awa';
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true;
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the Bonnets so true.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for the Bonnets so true,
Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue!
It's guid, &c.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';
Here's a health to the chief of each bold Highland clan,
Altho' that his band be but sma'!
Here's freedom to him that would read,
And freedom to him that would write;
There's name ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they whom the truth would indict.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';
Here's Liberty's laws in Old Scotland's cause,
O'er Highlands, and Lawlands, and a'!
Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth,
And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed;
And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread!
(Burns.)

JEANNIE.

(Air—"O, Bothwell bank.")

The spring is ganging far awa',
 And simmer's in its track again;
 The autumn very soon will fa',
 And winter will come back again.
 And Jeannie hath a a winsome ee,
 An' lips that aye can smack again,
 An' Donald he in vain doth try
 From me to win her back again.

When we twa hae been to the kirk,
 For gowd she ne'er shall lack again,
 Nae dool e'er in her mind shall lurk,
 For pleasure will be back again.
 For Jeannie's like the merry spring,
 Guid spirits she'll ne'er lack again;
 Like birds, she'll in the simmer sing,
 Now I am wi' her back again.

But na' like autumn's waning time,
 When low'ring clouds look black
 again,
 And verdant trees begin to pine,
 Till lovely sprng comes back again.
 For Jeannie's nae like winter snaw,
 Or frost that speeds its track again,
 For warmly doth her bosom glow,
 Now I am wi' her back again.

(J. H. Jewell.)

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

Scenes of woe, and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew,
 Scenes of woe, and scenes of pleasure,
 Now a sad and last adieu!

Bonny Doon, sae sweet, and gloamin,
 Fare thee weel before I gang!
 Bonny Doon, whare, early roaming,
 First I weav'd the rustic sang!

Bowers, adieu! whare love, decoying,
 First inthrall'd this heart o' mine,
 There the safest sweets enjoying—
 Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine!

Friends, so near my bosom ever,
 Ye hae render'd moments dear;
 But, alas! when forc'd to sever,
 Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends! that parting tear reserve it,
 Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me!
 Could I think I did deserve it,
 How much happier would I be!

Scenes of woe, and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew;
 Scenes of woe, and scenes of pleasure,
 Now a sad and last adieu!

(Burns.)

JOHNNIE COPE.

(The following should be introduced as the 3rd, 4th, & 5th verses—See p. 9.)

"Now, Johnnie, be as good as your word,
 Come let us try baith fire and sword,
 And dinna rin awa' like a frightened bird,
 That's chas'd frae its nest i' the mornin'."

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
 He thought it wadna be amiss
 To hae a horse in readiness,
 To flee awa' i' the mornin'

"Fy now, Johnnie, get up and rin,
 The Highland bagpipes make a din,
 It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
 For 'twill be a bluidie mornin'."

THE BIRDIES WHISTLING.

The birdies whistling on the sprays,
 They hae nae care to fear 'em, O,
 The little lambkins on the braes,
 They seek for sport to cheer 'em, O.

Then why should we o' nobler sense,
 Sitланely and fu' dreary, O,
 Nae, let us rise and gang frae hence,
 An' be like them fu' cheerie, O.

For if in life there were nae joys
 To make us blithe and cannie, O,
 We were but as some gilded toys
 To please the wav'ring many, O.

The country lad behind the pleugh,
 Few things has he to vex him, O,
 An' if he rins at something new,
 The smile o' Jenny checks him, O.

An' if our fancy takes a flight,
 The scenes of life are varied, O,
 In a' we'll find a new delight,
 Then why should we be scared, O?

Syne suff your pipes and cloud the air,
 An' push about the toddy, O,
 Our souls are left to wiser care,
 Whyles we leuk to the body, O.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S LULLABY.

[Music—at Paterson & Roy's.]

Hush thee, babe!—the stag is belling
 On Benarte, dim and lone;
 Hush, O hush!—the hounds are yelling,
 Who at morn will cheer them on?
 Ere the sun o'er red Culloden
 Clos'd the Stuarts' fatal day,
 Many a gallant breast was trodden
 By the war-horse with the clay.

Morning saw the Prince before us,
Plum'd and starr'd in Highland pride;
Tell, ye winds, that wander o'er us,
Who at night were by his side!
Stones are rear'd, and yew-trees waving,
O'er each kirk's green bed of rest;
But the storm alone is raving
O'er your sire (our chieftain)'s breast.

White the bells of town and city
Rent, with merry peals, the air,
Nought was ours, except the pity
Strangers gave to our despair!
Hush! and slumber; night is ringing
Darkness over land and sea;
Sleep!—a day may dawn yet, bringing
Cheerier hearts to us and thee!

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Sketch of the Adventures of Prince Charles.

As it may be interesting to the reader to know the circumstances which occasioned the production of the celebrated Jacobite Songs of Scotland, it will be as well to give a sketch of the memorable rebellion in the year 1745. While George the Second was in Germany, endeavouring to restore tranquillity, and to disconcert the hostile measures of France, the French court resolved on sending Prince Charles Edward Stuart (son of the Pretender, and grandson of James II., the last king of the Stuart race who reigned in England), with supplies necessary for the invasion of Scotland, and to assert his father's right to the British throne; intending, by this means, to draw the attention of the English troops from the Continent. It had been represented that multitudes, attached to the House of Stuart, were ready to take up arms, and to assist in the scheme; and Charles, landing at the Isle of Mull, was soon joined by several of the influential Highland clans. At this period, the Jacobite Songs (so called from the supporters of the Stuarts being named Jacobites, on account of their adherence to James the Pretender) were widely circulated, such as "Welcome, Royal Charlie," and others descriptive of the Prince's landing, and the warm attachment of his followers. Charles, joined by the Camerons and Macdonalds, and a powerful addition of recruits, marched towards Edinburgh. The alarm now spread to London; where the nobility, clergy, and City companies entered into subscriptions to assist the Government in arresting his progress; and, among other volunteers, the judges, barristers, law-students, &c., formed themselves into a troop, the chief-justice as colonel, and were exercised in the halls of their respective inns of court; showing the King they could use their arms as well as their tongues. General Sir John Cope, with a number of troops, was immediately dispatched to the north; but as the very name of the Highlanders spread terror as they advanced, Cope, after reconnoitring their positions, retired towards Edinburgh. Preparations were made to fortify that city, but Charles entered it without opposition; and the song of "Loons, ye maun gae baine," alludes to the services of its defenders being unnecessary. As Cope was encamped in the neighbourhood, he challenged Charles, and the two armies met at Prestonpans; where, in a very short time, the Highlanders, after seizing the artillery, put Sir John and his troops to the rout, whose flight is so humorously described in "Johnnie Cope." This victory, added to the Prince's handsome person, and his affability, rendered him a great favourite with the fair sex and gave rise to "Charlie is my darling," and "The women are a' gane wud (mad)." Charles, after this, advanced into England as far as Manchester, intending to march upon London; but the chiefs disagreeing, they returned to Scotland. The Duke of Cumberland had by this time returned from Flanders, and advanced to meet Charles, who retreated farther north: they met on Culloden plains, and a desperate conflict ensued, ending in the total defeat of Charles's party. The Duke's troops pursued them, and massacred men, women, and children. The Prince fled: a reward of £30,000 was offered for his head; but an intrepid young female, named Flora Macdonald, succeeded in conveying him, disguised as her waiting-maid, to Skye. The "Twa bonny maidens" then parted; and Charles, resuming his male attire, wandered for nearly six months among the wilds of Glengary. He trusted himself during that time with at least fifty different persons, the poorest of whom could not be induced to betray him. The ballad, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!" pathetically describes his sufferings. He ultimately escaped to the Continent. Among the persons apprehended for taking part in this rebellion, 53 suffered death, including three Scotch noblemen.

